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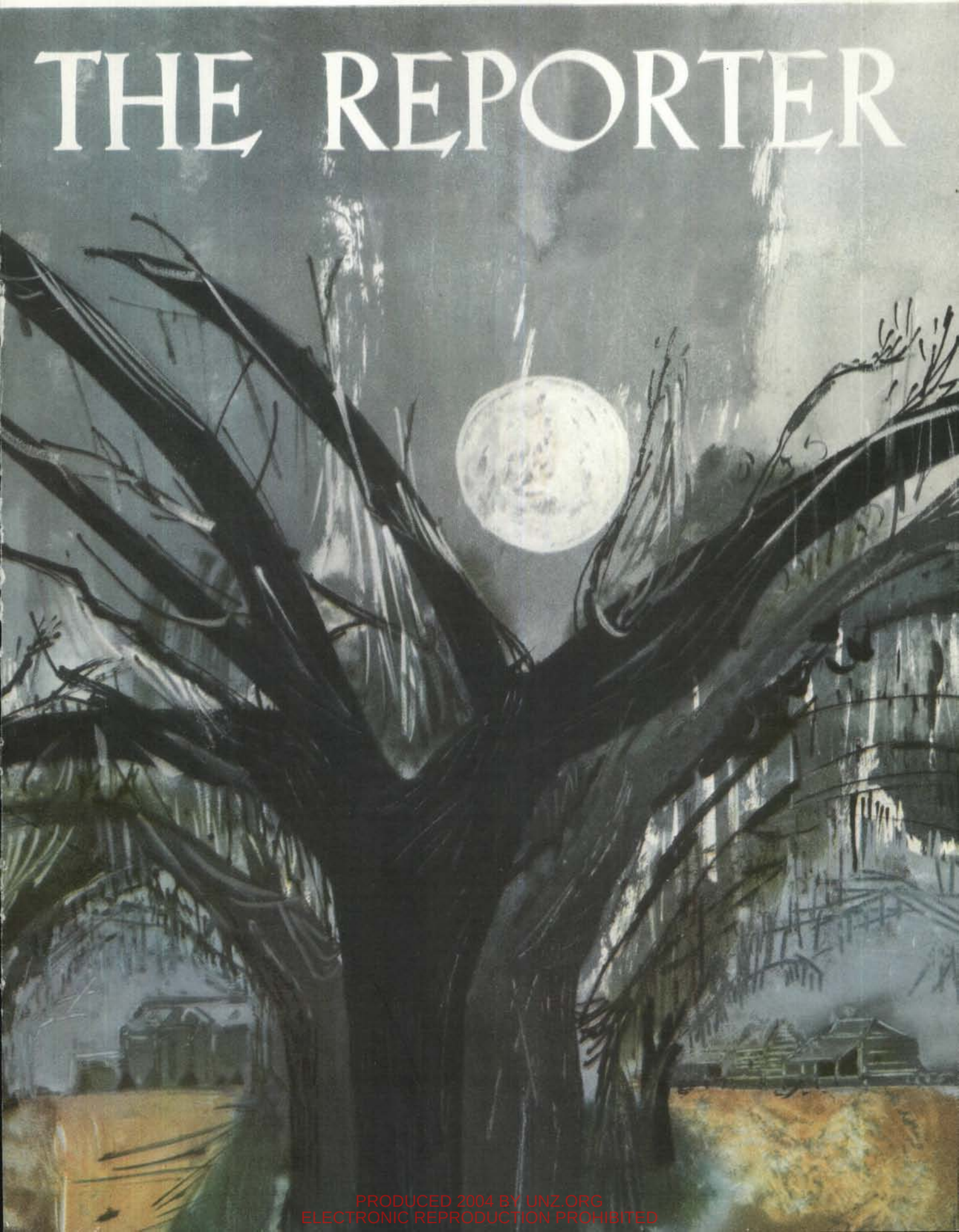

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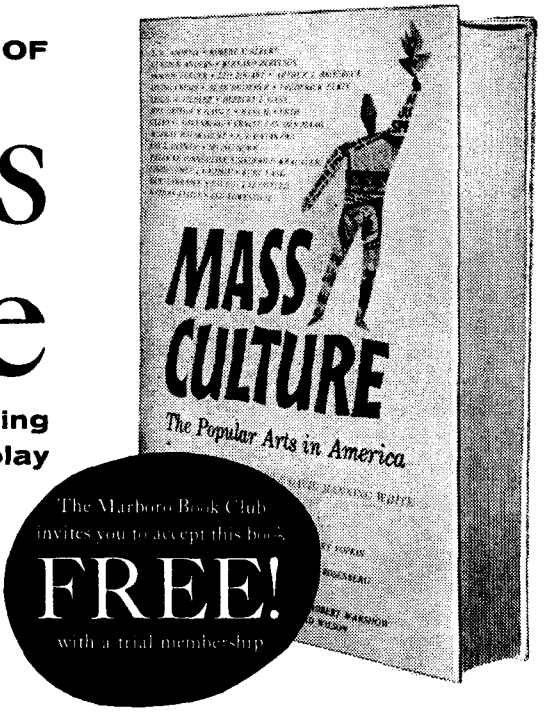
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

'Faites vos Jeux'

The function of government is—guess what?—to govern. When political stalemate sets in, paralysis at the center soon works its way out to all the limbs. No nation can afford this sort of immobilization. Yet France and Italy are now in the throes of it, and the latest country on the sick list is our neighbor Canada.

The government of Premier Adone Zoli in Rome, named in May after a two-week crisis of bickering among the parties, resigned after barely three weeks in office, leaving Italy in the hands of "caretakers" until a new combination can be found. In France a comparable crisis resulted finally in the appointment of Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury's coalition cabinet. Bourgès-Maunoury also holds office as little more than a caretaker, pending still another reshuffle in France. Now the caretaker disease has spread to Canada, where the defeat of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent's Liberal government early in June failed to give the opposing Conservatives a majority, thereby leaving splinter groups holding the balance of power during a period when no party will have a clear mandate to govern.

The causes of this widespread malaise differ from country to country. On the Continent, where voters are split among parties reflecting every shade of the spectrum, its chief symptom is naysaying—the withholding of support every time a new move is made to get off dead center. In Italy the three minor anti-Communist, anti-clerical parties followed the example of the smallest of them all—the minuscule Republican Party, which has only five seats in the Chamber of Deputies—in refusing to enter a new coalition with the Christian Democrats. This forced Christian Democrat Zoli, the premier-designate, to go it alone, hoping to get by with some democratic and some not-so-democratic support. But since the margin of his majority came from the not-so-democratic Monarchists and—worst of all—the neo-Fascists, Zoli could do nothing but resign.

In France the Socialists are split and the Popular Republicans refuse to join a cabinet pledged to European unity even though they themselves are for European unity, while the independents remain independent. That leaves the unhappy Bourgès-Maunoury shopping around for support among parties outside his government—parties that feel they can wield more power by staying out than by coming in.

That is power of a kind, but its chief effect is to prevent any sustained government policy. In Italy, one of the results has been that in recent municipal elections the Communists, who seemed to be on the run after Hungary, have come out stronger than ever. In France, although the economy is flourishing, government finances are in a state of near-chaos, and the tragic mess in Algeria is messier and more tragic than ever.

In Canada, long led by a stable government, the phenomenon of immobilism strikes close to home. The Liberal government, by its readiness to assume great responsibilities and burdens in United Nations affairs, has shown extraordinary vision. The voice of Secretary of State for External Affairs Lester B. Pearson has rung around the globe, often speaking up for U.N. causes far more effectively than any voice in Washington. Washington has often tacitly relied on Pearson to say and do what it could not do half so well itself. True, some people in Washington have sometimes thought that the utterly pro-American but utterly independent Pearson was a nuisance. Surely even these people are going to miss that nuisance now.

Now Pearson and his government must go, and the government of Canada must wait upon two coteries—the Social Credit Party on the Right and the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation on the Left.

One of the most fashionable new twists in democratic politics seems to be the balance-of-power game

SOUR GRAPES SONG

Look at them go now, the traveling lunatics,
Slung with their cameras, burdened with gear,
Shouting good-bys from the ramp and the gangway,
Waving from railings and giddy with cheer.

Where are they bound for? All the old places,
Fountain of Trevi and Isle of Capri,
Folies Bergère and the bars they call Harry's
Greeting each other with bibulous glee.

Lugging their baggage for want of a porter,
Fleeced by a driver for want of a word,
Timetable-haunted and Baedeker-blinded,
Part of the avid American herd.

Let them be off with their farewells and flurry;
I'll stay behind in my peaceful old groove,
Secretly nursing a gnawing desire
To follow my fellows—the fools on the move.

SEC

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played by small parties. The one that happens to be standing on the right spot at the crucial moment can cash in for benefits that are utterly disproportionate to its strength. It's a sort of roulette, and the winner can sometimes break the bank. The bank that is likely to be broken if this game goes on too long in too many countries is called democracy.

Portable Derricks

The importance of recreation to the tired businessman has been handsomely demonstrated in Beverly Hills, where experts say there is a "very good" chance that the golf courses of two exclusive country clubs are bubbling with oil. Wells on the adjacent property of Twentieth Century-Fox are gushing at the rate of three thousand barrels a day, and more than seven thousand homeowners in the area have agreed to lease drilling rights on their luxurious lawns as soon as the authorities give permission.

A membership in the Los Angeles Country Club that formerly went for three thousand dollars now costs ten thousand, which may eventually be deductible, of course, along with a depletion allowance. Just as the tourist has taken to exploring the country with Geiger counter as well as camera, so the prudent golfer of the future will probably do his eighteen holes in the company of a geologist as well as a caddy.

The arrangement offers a nice mixture of business and pleasure that should prove especially appealing in Washington, where both golf and oil are known to be highly regarded.

Case for the Item Veto

Institutional politics, it seems, makes just as strange bedfellows as the politics of electioneering. In common with U. S. Grant and Franklin Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower now seeks a power that forty Congresses have refused to allow; namely, the power to veto individual items in appropriation bills.

There is a naïve quality in Mr. Eisenhower's suggestion that he could "save a lot of money" by eliminating "some expensive and unnecessary projects," as if that weren't precisely the reason Congress has consistently buried such proposals ever since 1876, when the first of them was made. For many a representative and senator the pork barrel is the source of political life, and a river or harbor bill that may be "expensive and unnecessary" to a President is apt to strike a legislator as rather more important than his stand on NATO or economic aid to Libya.

Seven bills to permit a selective veto are now before a subcommittee of the House, with the Budget Director and the Secretary of the Treasury testifying in full support, but the hearings are mechanical, with the Deepfreeze apparently awaiting the measures as soon as the appropriate motions have been gone through.

As always, Congressional opponents contend that the item veto would give the President too much power, that he could reach into an appropriations bill and cut out even a major program that displeased him, like TVA for example. Less officially, they have argued that it would allow the President to pick and choose among congressmen's pet projects and in that way keep a whip hand over hostile legislators.

Perhaps there is some substance in these fears, but experience in the state legislatures shows that it is small compared with the potential gains. Since the Confederate Constitution gave the selective veto to Jefferson Davis, more than three-fourths of the states have adopted the principle with no sign of executive tyranny or legislative collapse. The mere fact that practically every Congress has seen the introduction of such bills—supported in recent times by such eminent senators as Vandenberg, Barkley, and Douglas—shows that to many national legislators the political implications are more imaginary than real. A congressman who saw his new post office or dredged harbor snatched away as a reprisal by a vengeful President could claim credit for his effort and at the same time turn his constituents' wrath against the White House. And a President who chose this backstairs way to choke off an approved and going concern like TVA would almost certainly find his veto overridden.

On the positive side, the item veto would discourage the deplorable practice of attaching to money bills the sort of rider that compels a President to force some wholly unpalatable policy on one of his agencies or see it wither away for lack of funds.

Congress has the right to pick and choose among the President's budget recommendations. He should have the same privilege with the appropriations voted by Congress—subject always, of course, to the overriding vote of two-thirds of its members.

We Started It

A measure of the political apathy that has gripped Washington can be found in the miserable fate of the bill to bring this country into the Organization for Trade Cooperation, which we so enthusiastically supported two years ago. We meant, we said then, to show our faith in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade which OTC will administer and which usefully reinforces our Reciprocal Trade Agreements in knocking down discriminatory practices. After all, our negotiators, following the recommendations of the Randall Commission set up by Mr. Eisenhower, had pretty well won on every point they wanted in setting it up.

But despite urgent warnings from European leaders that our failure to join OTC will lead to the collapse of the whole painfully built postwar trade structure, the bill has languished in Congress ever since. So far, Secretary Dulles, whose interest is in high-level diplomacy, not in details, has failed signally to build up any pressure behind it.

There are recent rumors of a new lease on life for OTC. A group of prominent business, farm, and labor leaders has set up an organization to stoke the fires of public opinion. And, wonder of wonders, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks has agreed to take over Dulles's responsibility for trying to get the bill passed in Congress. It seems that what persuaded Mr. Weeks—and should be persuasive to a few people on the Hill—was the not-so-veiled threat from Europeans that if we don't want to play the liberal-trade game, they would just as soon stick to their own common market and/or a free-trade area including Britain and Scandinavia. If they want to, they can really show us what it means to discriminate.

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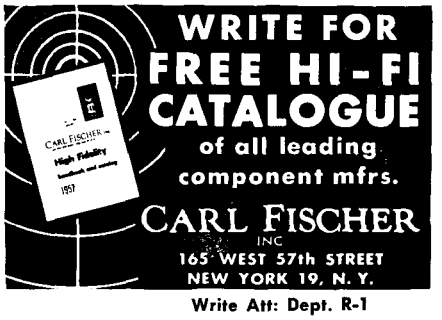

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CORRESPONDENCE

'TEACHING BY TV'

To the Editor: With Philip Horton's editorial and the three lead articles in the May 30 issue, *The Reporter* has done a sound job and a very considerable service to serious thinking on the subject of educational problems and some possible solutions. Congratulations to William Harlan Hale for his fine article ("A Legacy from the Model T to the Age of ETV") and for the thoroughness with which he grasped, quickly and accurately, the basic problems involved in present developments.

HARRY J. SKORNIA
Executive Director
National Association of
Educational Broadcasters
Urbana, Illinois

To the Editor: Your issue of May 30 contains, I am certain, one of the most penetrating and complete treatments of educational television yet published. We were particularly excited by the Hale article, for obvious reasons, but the entire cluster brought out some points about educational television that needed to be said. All in all, it was excellent coverage for ETV and the forces behind it.

WILLIAM A. HARPER
Director of Information Services
Educational Television
and Radio Center
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editor: I felt that the articles concerning educational television in the main were clear and quite unprejudiced. Surely any intelligent person can see the tremendous significance of this medium of mass communication for the transmission of ideas and feelings. Its specific role in education in my judgment has not yet been determined, but its effects will loom large in the future, I am sure.

FINIS E. ENGLEMEN
Executive Secretary
American Association
of School Administrators
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I am certainly glad that some universities ("The 21-Inch Classroom," by Richard Rose) "balked at the idea of asking several thousand students to risk their educations to test the validity of Fund assumptions," because this university has not.

I am in the Business School here, and last semester was one of the many guinea pigs subjected to a similar experiment. The course I was required to enter was Economics. It is a Principles of Economics course, and in my estimation is a complete flop.

It was worked in this manner. There were two TV classes per week, and on Friday we asked any questions we had of the graduate instructor. Obviously any questions would be of little value by Friday, as they were not in context with related material.

While the instructor was as fine an Economics professor as can be found anywhere, he had no way of pacing or timing his lectures and many times I gave up in despair and frustration when trying to take notes. I firmly believe that I would have flunked this course if I had not gone to two regular small lecture classes a week to supplement what I was losing on TV.

BRUCE TAYLOR HORD
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

'CLOUDS FROM NEVADA'

To the Editor: Just my plain and warm thanks for that splendid result of Paul Jacobs's digging: "Clouds from Nevada" (*The Reporter*, May 16) and for your excellent editorial: "There Must Be an End to It."

Keep up the good work!

MARION LAUDY
New York

To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter* for revealing the true facts regarding fallout from the Nevada tests. It is difficult for even the informed reader to reach a sound judgment from the press releases of the Atomic Energy Commission. Paul Jacobs's article, "Clouds from Nevada" brought to light the existence of Public Health Service reports not previously available. These reports prove that the AEC should not be in the dual position of carrying on the tests, monitoring its own tests, and justifying its own safety precautions. Some other agency should review the safety aspects of AEC activity. The American people must know all the facts of radiation hazard if we are to agree on a method of bringing an "end to it."

VICTOR REUTHER
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Congratulations on "Clouds from Nevada." It was the most illuminating article I have yet encountered on a subject swamped in a sea of gobbledygook issued by the AEC and the politically minded public-relations men attached to the administration.

The most insidious word in all communiqués relating to the atomic tests is, I think, the word "justified." It not only implies that the powers that be know the risks and the necessity of taking them (this leaves the whole question of those risks still unanswered), but it further serves to gloss over the whole realm of who in our form of government makes these decisions and by whose consent. As the AEC is now constituted, the people of the United States and the people of the world are being subjected to government-in-effect by a cabala which is answerable to no one. It is especially frightening when one considers that the decisions made by this group may well be irrevocable.

That some form of life, even human life, might survive a full-scale atomic war or continued atomic tests by several nations is conceivable. That it would bear much relation to life forms as we know them today

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would seem more than unlikely. The adaptability of the various forms of life to the different natural conditions prevailing at any given time has always determined the ascendancy or decline of those forms; and just as the disappearance of the warm marshes signaled the end of the dinosaurs, so the introduction of considerable radiation into our atmosphere is changing the natural condition in which we live and may well be the signal for other forms to move into the ascendancy. At least it may well be the impetus to undreamed-of mutations within the human species. The main point here is not to do with the mutations themselves, but that we should know what we are doing. The extranatural selective process that might occur could possibly breed a new type of human, shorn of killer instincts, suited to an idyllic Utopian life, and then again it might not . . .

But if Science is to be the godhead of these endeavors, let it be recognized that we are running amok in fields we know not. The AEC as it is presently organized is irresponsible in all senses of the word. Is it not, therefore, intolerable within the framework of a constitutional democracy? Are not we Americans of the twentieth century deluding ourselves to a disastrous extent in the belief that we are responsible enough for (or worthy of) a position of world leadership when the frightening powers invested in such a body as the AEC are sacrosanct, when their decisions are not only inviolable but obscure, when we as a people are unaware of (and unable to come by) the purport and significance of their plans and acts, and most important, of their central thinking?

JOHN WYLIE HALL
New York

To the Editor: The most disturbing phrase in your report on the bomb-testing program is the justification given in an AEC report for the choice of the Nevada site: ". . . particularly because the prevailing winds blow from the test site for many miles across a relatively unpopulated region." *Relatively* unpopulated! Are the lives of these few less sacred because they are only a few?

I am reminded of a comment made by the *New Yorker's* E. B. White after the Bikini tests: "One scientist remarked that the chances of the explosion's doing irreparable damage to the world were one in a hundred septillion. Very good. And if there is one such chance who can authorize the show? What is the name of the fabulous ringmaster who can play with the earth and announce the odds?"

I have tried to listen to the Civil Defense commercials, and to the arguments for pursuing these tests. Can you tell me, in the event of atomic war, just what difference it makes *who* has a "superiority"? And just who wants to be alive when it's all over?

MRS. J. B. JARDINE
Douglas, Wyoming

To the Editor: May I offer a belated dissent to the apparently uniformly favorable comment on *The Reporter's* "fallout" issue?

I do not see how nuclear testing can be condemned, despite certain dangers, so long as the tests produce valuable military knowledge. The question that must be answered is this: Can we validly assume that unilateral cessation of nuclear tests by the United States would give a military advantage to the Soviet Union of such magnitude that our very survival would be placed in jeopardy? If the answer is "Yes," it is quite obvious that the still-undetermined risks are justified.

Our foreign policy is based on the assumption that a nuclear stalemate is the primary deterrent to a major war. If the stalemate should be broken because we bowed to the alarums of a group of apparently politically unsophisticated scientists, such survivors as there are may well wonder if the possible prevention of some bone-cancer cases and genetic mutations was worth it.

JEROME N. SLATER
Yale University

THE TROUBLED MINISTER

To the Editor: "Dr. Oliver's Day of Wrath" by Otto Friedrich in the May 30 issue is a most effective way of belittling both the church and the ministry. If this is a "sympathetic description," as you suggest in "Who-What-Why," I tremble to think how a clergyman would appear if he lost the sympathy of Mr. Friedrich and *The Reporter*.

See in what an absurdly pitiful light the protagonist is cast: He wears only one slipper. He parts his hair in the middle. He plagiarizes his sermons. He wears pince-nez. He has an "auntlike smile." He says "My word." He puts his church finances in the hands of stone-deaf ladies of eighty. We leave him "limping off to his study to try working on his sermon until dinnertime." At best he will draw a tolerant smile for his quaint irrelevance. At worst, he calls up high scorn for his effeminacy, his pedantry, and his asinine naïveté.

If this is your sympathetic description, have mercy. We would be better off without it.

(The Rev.) DONALD A. WILLIAMS
Medford, Massachusetts

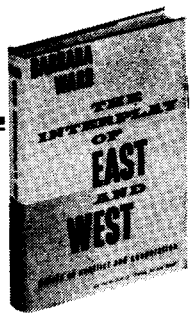
To the Editor: How did Mr. Friedrich catch the atmosphere in "Dr. Oliver's Day of Wrath"? It is superb. I suppose some people will not understand it. Please let's have some more and thank him for writing his story.

(The Rev.) J. W. MCKNIGHT
Universalist Church
Hutchinson, Kansas

CORRECTION

To the Editor: A serious error, which somehow escaped the attention of all who read the galley proofs, appeared in my article "Controls, Inspection, and Limited War" (*The Reporter*, June 13) in the paragraph where I mention the types of limitations which might be proposed. I had proposed that bases of the strategic air force and cities located 500 miles behind the combat zone be immune from attack. In the text as printed this emerged as 50 miles. It is quite clear that 50 miles in a nuclear war is no distance at all, and that, in any case, no sane combatant would locate the bases of his strategic air force this close to a battle zone.

HENRY A. KISSINGER
New York



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CREDIT must be given to Attorney General Brownell for having proposed to Congress a new civil-rights package bill—as the politicians inelegantly call it—that includes some original and far-reaching features. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** points out the most striking of these features, the one that has aroused most vigorous opposition among Southern senators, who are led in this fight by a former North Carolina judge, Senator Sam Ervin. **Edward Gamarekian** provides firsthand evidence on the continued disfranchisement of the Negro in many areas of the South. Mr. Gamarekian's last article in *The Reporter*, "The Ugly Battle of Orangeburg" (January 24), also concerned race relations in the South. **Walter F. Murphy,** a student of Constitutional law, points out some of the ironies of Southern opposition to the administration's civil-rights bill. Segregationists in the Texas legislature have gotten some of their own medicine in the form of an obstructive filibuster, according to **Stuart Long,** an Austin journalist. Yet there is progress in the South, and it is obtained through more democratic means than filibustering. In our next issue our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** who has been observing the city of Atlanta, will report on what he saw.

OUR Mediterranean Correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** sends a report from Damascus on extraordinarily inflammable Syria. What's worrisome about that country is not so much the messiness of its political affairs as the quality and quantity of the weapons Soviet Russia has sent there. What for? The figures that Mrs. Sterling sends are as startling as they are authentic. . . . The Russians are also busy in India. The impact of the Soviet trade program is described by **Willard J. Hertz,** now on leave from the Minneapolis *Tribune* to travel in Asia. . . . There have been many arguments about the legality of Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal. **Robert Delson,** a specialist in international law and economic development, traces the legal background, cites precedents, and comes to his own conclusion. . . . Everyone knows how the curse of bigness affects industry and government, but apparently it can even affect kids in the third grade. **Virginia P. Held,** a member of our staff, asks some searching questions about New York City's school system. . . . We all get a lot of stuff in our mailboxes asking us to buy a product or contribute to a worthy cause or vote for a political candidate. **Gene R. Kearney,** a free-lance writer, tells how it happens that the postman is provided with a great deal of the material that he carries to our homes.

THERE'S a lot of talk about revivalism going around these days. In our opinion the most stirring Gospel music we've ever heard is that sung by Mahalia Jackson, and so we asked **Nat Hentoff** to go and have a talk with her. Mr. Hentoff, who has written several books on 'azz, will moderate a panel discussion at this summer's Newport Jazz Festival—which we certainly wish we could attend—on "Music and the Use of Habituating Drugs."

May Sarton's latest book is *The Fur Person* (Rinehart). . . . It's nice to know about a home movie that made good in the big time. **Gerald Weales** is the author of a new children's book, *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). . . . Chiang Kai-shek has written his own account of the events that have led to his isolation on Formosa. Few students of Chinese affairs are more qualified to separate fact from fiction in Chiang's book than Professor **Nathaniel Peffer** of Columbia University. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** of Harvard contributes regularly to *The Reporter*. . . . **Sander Vanocur** is on the staff of the New York *Times*.

Our cover, a moonlight impression of a Southern plantation, is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

The Fight for the Fifteenth Amendment

THE SEGREGATED BALLOT BOX—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8
A REPORT FROM THE SOUTH ON THE NEGRO VOTER . . *Edward Gamarekian* 9
SOME STRANGE NEW CONVERTS TO THE CAUSE OF CIVIL RIGHTS . . . . . *Walter F. Murphy* 13
WHITE SUPREMACY AND THE 'FILIBUSTEROS' . . . . . *Stuart Long* 15

At Home & Abroad

SYRIA: COMMUNISM, NASSERISM, AND A MAN NAMED SERRAJ . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 16
NEW CUSTOMERS FOR THE SHOEMAKERS OF AGRA . . . . . *Willard J. Hertz* 19
EGYPT'S SEIZURE OF SUEZ—A LAWYER'S VIEW . . . . . *Robert Delson* 23
THE FALLOUT DEBATE GOES ON . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 26
HOW GOOD ARE NEW YORK'S SCHOOLS? . . . . . *Virginia P. Held* 27
ALL THE BLACKSMITHS YOU WANT FOR TWENTY BUCKS A THOUSAND . . . . . *Gene R. Kearney* 31

Views & Reviews

YOU CAN STILL HEAR HER VOICE WHEN THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 34
SUKIYAKI ON THE KONA COAST . . . . . *May Sarton* 37
THE SUMMER SOLDIERS OF JOHN R. MCDERMOTT . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 40
THE TRAGEDY ENDS ON A SMALL ISLAND . . . . . *Nathaniel Peffer* 44
CONCERNING CORPORATE POLITICS AND BATHING IN THE NUDE . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 45
MR. BERLE'S PRIMER OF FOREIGN RELATIONS . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 46
SOME OLD SNAPSHOTS OF THE MASTER RACE . . . . . *Sander Vanocur* 47

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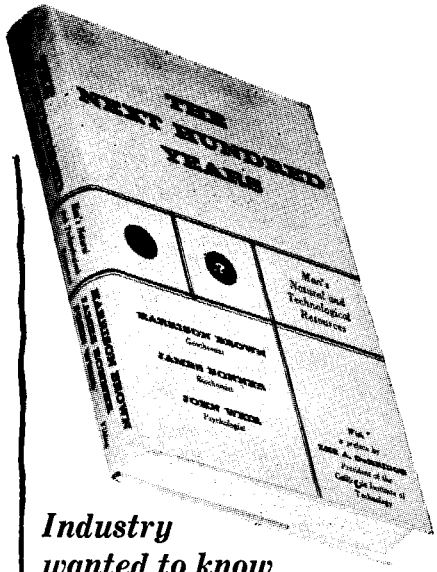

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MAX ASCOLI

The Segregated Ballot Box

SINCE the Supreme Court decision on desegregation, the fight for civil rights in the South has had its battleground in the schoolhouse. The education and future of children have been at stake in this fight. If Attorney General Brownell and Senator Douglas have their way, there is a chance that a second front will be opened up—one concerning a large group of American adults and their right to exercise the electoral franchise.

The crucial importance of such a second front can scarcely be overestimated. If Federal district attorneys down South can start action so that the same qualifications which admit white people to the ballot box are made applicable also to Negroes, then the nearly century-old aftermath of the Civil War may be on its way to liquidation. Southerners who share the feelings and the fears of Senator Ervin know that the final battle for white supremacy may be at hand. They have barricaded themselves behind the ancient Anglo-Saxon right that entitles every man to a trial by his peers—in this case every segregationist to a trial by fellow segregationists.

AMERICANS who do not happen to be Southerners should be thoughtful and responsible before passing judgment on those of their countrymen for whom segregation is a harrowing issue. Thoughtfulness and responsibility, however, do not mean indecisiveness or wishy-washyness. In this spirit, while we welcome the civil-rights proposals put forth by Attorney General Brownell, we would be much happier if the authority to be granted the U. S. district attorneys were aimed primarily at making the Fifteenth Amendment at long last operative. This admirably brief and pointed amendment states:

"Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

"Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Congress would be following Section 2 by authorizing Federal judges to issue civil injunctions — which means no trial by jury—against those who are found responsible for having violated Section 1.

Several private organizations—the N.A.A.C.P. first of all—have done admirable work in bringing before the Federal courts cases of violation of basic rights, and the Federal judiciary, under the leadership of Mr. Justice Warren, has reacted magnificently. But the Fifteenth Amendment needs specific reinforcement, since the devices that have been used to prevent individual citizens from exercising their rights in the polling booth have been most frequently devious and specious. To safeguard all other civil rights, other remedies can be used aside from civil injunctions brought at the request of Federal attorneys. In general, we are distrustful of all monopolies or potential monopolies, and we are unwilling to concede the monopoly of virtue or of civil libertarianism to anybody—not even to the successors of Mr. Brownell.

But again, we think that a second front in the battle for civil rights is needed, just as unrelenting pressure is needed on the first front—the one where the rights of children are at stake. The Fifteenth Amendment has been in our Constitution for eighty-seven years, and only the Federal government can make it operative.

If and when Negroes enjoy their franchise in the South as they do in the North, then whatever advantage they can gain will be gained by themselves, according to their skill in playing the game of politics. As has happened with other groups at various times considered inferior, the skill the Southern Negroes can develop in playing this game will allow them to reach a greater measure of equality. Voting cannot make them automatically equal, but will give them the chance to move step by step, one election after another, toward political equality.

OF ALL the competitive games in our competitive society, politics is the fairest. It is not easily learned, and as a rule all our so-called minority groups have had a hard time at first. Before conquering their proportionate share of public offices, they have had to overcome the vested interests of other previously entrenched groups. It has frequently happened that the leaders each group has given itself at the beginning have been of a rather poor quality. But improvement both in leadership and in political skill has invariably come.

This was the case with the Irish and with the Germans and with the Italians and with the Jews, as it is the case in our own days with the Puerto Ricans—each group fighting with others that were already on top, and at the same time gaining some measure of recognition from them. Ultimately the sharper differences and conflicts dwindle, and links are established that go beyond all groups.

This is the way America has been made and is being made, thanks to the toughness and fairness of American politics. This will certainly happen south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Both whites and Negroes know that it will happen. It will never be too soon.

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A Report from the South
On the Negro Voter

EDWARD GAMAREKIAN

On August 11, 1956, Governor James P. Coleman of Mississippi told the platform committee of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago that in his state Negroes were free to pay their poll tax, to register, and to vote. Somehow things didn't turn out just that way during the 1956 election: In nearly all of Mississippi's eighty-two counties Negroes were stalled, blocked, rejected, intimidated, and even threatened when they tried to exercise their rights as citizens. The registration figures Governor Coleman himself had compiled when he was state attorney general in 1954 showed that there were thirteen counties in which no Negroes were registered at all, nine other counties in which six or less were registered, and twenty-nine others in which fewer than a hundred were registered.

Furthermore, the governor surely knew why Negro registration was low in Mississippi. It is fairly common knowledge that in Lowndes County, where only fifty-two out of a possible 9,200 Negro voters were registered, Negroes received anonymous letters like the one sent to Caleb Lide: "Last warning. If you are tired of living, vote and die." In Forrest County, where only sixteen out of a possible thirteen thousand Negro voters were registered, the registrar disappeared when Negroes tried to register, told them to come back later, said the books weren't open to colored people that day, or simply said "No." To test their understanding, Negroes might be asked such questions as "How many bubbles are there in a bar of soap?" Governor Coleman could have discovered without much difficulty that some Negroes in Forrest County have been paying their poll taxes for more than thirty years in the forlorn hope of being allowed to register and vote some day.

From 485 Down to Zero

In Humphreys County Negroes were not even permitted to pay their poll tax until 1953. When seventeen Negroes finally brought suit against the sheriff, a Federal court ordered him to end this practice, and in 1953

485 Negroes succeeded in paying their poll tax. But these 485 soon found themselves the victims of a campaign of pressure and intimidation, and only two hundred of them actually registered. A year later the number was down to 126. The newly formed Citizens' Council began circulating lists of the registrants and still more withdrew. As the 1955 gubernatorial primary approached, Negro registration dropped to ninety-two. These few held firm until the shotguns came out.

On May 7, 1955, one of the county's Negro leaders, the Reverend George W. Lee, was shot in the face by a shotgun fired from a car passing close to the one he was driving. His murderers were never apprehended. The sheriff said that Lee probably had had a heart attack and was killed in the crash that followed, and that the lead pellets in his face were probably fillings from his teeth. With that statement the matter was considered closed. The Citizens' Council then told Gus Courts, president of the local unit of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "We're not going to let Negroes in this county vote and we're not going to let the N.A.A.C.P. operate. You're leading the Negroes, trying to get them to register and vote; we're going to put you out of business." And they did. On November 25, 1955, Gus Courts, while working in his grocery store, was shot and seriously wounded by a shotgun fired, again, from a passing car. Gus Courts made up his mind. He packed up and left Mississippi.

No Negroes vote in Humphreys County today. They have given up for the time being and say they will not make another attempt until they are guaranteed Federal protection.

In the other counties the methods used to prevent Negroes from registering and voting were usually less brutal. Economic pressure was the most common weapon. Another effective technique was that used in Jefferson Davis County. The 1954 registration survey indicated that 1,221 of the 3,900 Negroes of voting age in the county were registered. During the summer of

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1956, the board of supervisors called for a reregistration (Mississippi has a system of permanent registration) and cleared the rolls. All the white voters reregistered without difficulty. The Negroes who tried to reregister found that they had to interpret portions of the Federal and state constitutions to the satisfaction of the registrar. This requirement, written into the Mississippi constitution of 1890 for the express purpose of disfranchising Negroes but forgotten as soon as that was accomplished, was now revived. The U.S. Supreme Court had declared it unconstitutional in 1949, on the basis of the Fifteenth Amendment, but the decision was ignored. Of the 1,221 Negroes previously registered in Jefferson Davis County, only sixty were able to overcome the technical obstacles put in their way and were allowed to register in 1956.

STILL another device used in Mississippi to eliminate the Negro vote was the challenge at the ballot box. Just before the 1955 primary, Tom Tubb, state Democratic chairman, notified the Democratic executive committee of each county that it was to challenge all Negro voters at the polls because they did not subscribe to the principles of the Democratic Party of Mississippi, and therefore were not qualified to vote in the primary. These principles, said Tubb, included opposition to a Fair Employment Practices Committee and the support of states' rights, segregation, the poll tax, the anti-miscegenation laws, and "the traditions of the South." On the assumption that no Negro could possibly subscribe to all these principles, it was not considered necessary to ask any Negro whether he did or not. He was to be automatically barred from voting in the Democratic primary—the only election that counts in Mississippi.

This was an old story to the residents of the all-Negro town of Mound Bayou, in Bolivar County, for their votes have never been counted. Mayor Ben Green of Mound Bayou, a Harvard graduate, said resignedly, "It's their privilege to throw our ballots out, but it's our privilege to cast them. We shall keep on voting." In Mound Bayou 295 of the 700 Negroes of voting age pay their poll tax every year and vote, even though they know it is an empty gesture.

Of course, the courts have declared the "white primary" unconstitutional—even in state and county elections. But according to Democratic Chairman Tubb, "We usually run our own affairs down here. Negroes have pretty good sense and we shouldn't have any trouble with them. It shouldn't take night ridings or beatings for them to use their own good judgment."

'Another Form of Mass Slander'

During the summer of 1956, the FBI investigated some complaints received from Negroes in Mississippi and four other states—Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina. On October 24, Assistant Attorney General Warren Olney III, head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, made a preliminary report on the results of the investigations and said, regarding the forthcoming national election, "Criminal prosecutions will be brought in every instance where we can show a qualified person was denied the right to vote simply because of his color." This announcement drove Governor Coleman into a state of righteous anger. "Mississippians have not been guilty of any violation of this kind," he declared, "and to make a blanket charge against them is just another form of mass slander. I have already discussed this fully with the attorney general of Mississippi and we expect to appear personally in any Federal court where any Mississippian is indicted on these trumped-up charges and we will defend them before a jury of Mississippians." The last part of the statement was highly significant to Negroes. To them it appeared highly improbable that

a Mississippi jury could convict a white registrar, sheriff, Democratic leader, or head of a Citizens' Council for so slight an infraction as depriving a Negro of the right to vote.

The editor of the Jackson *Daily*

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News, one of the state's leading newspapers, seemed to know as little as the governor about what was going on in the state. In a front-page editorial, he called Olney "a plain, unvarnished, unmitigated, and conscienceless liar for trying to tell the people of the nation that Negro voters in the South are being kept away from the polls."

It's quite true that there are thirteen counties in Mississippi where Negroes don't find it actually impossible to vote. But these are the counties in which the larger cities are located. Hinds County, of which Jackson is the capital, has the largest Negro registration—4,100 out of a potential 35,000. The three Gulf Coast counties have the largest percentage of Negroes registered—twenty to forty per cent. Interestingly enough, the Negro vote is smallest where the Citizens' Councils are strongest. In Mississippi there are three hundred local Councils in sixty-six counties, with a total membership of 85,000.

After Mississippi, Alabama ranks second in the list of states in which Negroes have difficulty registering and voting. Of the 516,000 Negroes of voting age in Alabama, only 53,400 were permitted to register in 1956.

Louisiana ranks third. Of the 529,000 Negroes of voting age in Louisiana, 152,000 were registered in October, 1956. This is a rather remarkable increase over 1948, when there were only 28,300 registered Negro voters in Louisiana, and a concerted effort has been made to reverse the trend. Last year State Senator W. M. Rainach, chairman of the state's Joint Legislative Committee on Segregation and president of the Louisiana Association of Citizens' Councils, led a campaign to eliminate the Negro vote. He and his followers succeeded in getting approximately ten thousand Negroes removed from the registration rolls in ten parishes. If the Justice Department had not threatened prosecution and sent FBI men into Louisiana to investigate, State Senator Rainach's purge would undoubtedly have spread throughout the state.

Here is the way most of the 5,785 Negroes registered in Ouachita Parish were disfranchised. There is a section of Louisiana's registration law that gives any two voters the right to challenge the registration of any other voter. If within ten days of notification the challenged voter can produce an affidavit signed by three other voters attesting to the correctness of his registration, he stays enrolled. This section of the law was originally intended to provide a means for challenging voters whose place and duration of residence was in question, but the Citizens' Council used it to challenge Negroes for any irregularity—for writing "C" instead of "Colored," or "M" instead of "Male"; for a miscalculation of age, which had to be given in years, months, and days; or for the use of any but the "proper" word.

The Challenge

In March the Citizens' Council set up shop in the registrar's office and began to challenge every one of the 5,782 Negroes registered. Secretaries typed out the challenges and eight or ten members of the council worked away at the business of signing them. In the middle of April the challenges were given to the registrar, who began mailing out the ten-day notices. A few days later, the courthouse at Monroe was a scene of complete chaos as the challenged Negroes descended on the registrar's office to protect their right to vote. Crowds jammed the corridors and overflowed onto the courthouse lawn.

Negroes who came to sign affidavits for their friends were told that they were not qualified to do so because they too had been challenged. When they said they had not received notice of a challenge, they were told it was in the mail. Undaunted, a number of them obtained the signatures of their white employers and restored their names to the rolls and began signing affidavits for their friends. As more names were restored, more were able to sign affidavits.

To slow down the process, the registrar began to limit the number of times any one person could sign, to require that signers come from the same precinct as the voter challenged, to require an interpretation of the Constitution from each person, and to limit the number of voters processed to forty or fifty a day. Hundreds came each day in response to the challenges; some arrived as early as five in the morning to make sure they would be

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among the first fifty; many came day after day until their ten days had expired.

When the time finally ran out, 5,187 of the 5,782 Negroes challenged were off the rolls. The board of directors of the Ouachita Parish Citizens' Council commended the Council president and the registrar "for their interest and efforts in behalf of good citizenship."

THE MOVE to disfranchise Negroes did not spread as quickly as Rainach and the Louisiana Association of Citizens' Councils had hoped. For one thing, the presence of the FBI made many local council leaders hesitate. Rainach became impatient and demanded prompt action. At a council meeting in Grant Parish, he took the floor away from the president of the local unit and pushed through a vote for an immediate purge. Reluctantly, the Council president agreed. During the following week, a committee went through the registration files and challenged 758 of the 782 Negroes enrolled in Grant Parish, following the same techniques used in Ouachita Parish. The Colfax *Chronicle*, a parish weekly owned and edited by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Walker, revealed the whole plan and printed on its front page a sample affidavit that the challenged Negroes could use to get themselves reinstated. It also helped develop some white opposition to the purge by publishing the names of a dozen white people who would agree to sign affidavits for Negroes they knew personally. Of the 758 Negroes challenged in Grant Parish, some 488 were able to produce affidavits and thus keep their names on the registration lists.

A total of thirteen parishes responded to Rainach's prodding and the results in the majority of them were quite satisfactory to the Citizens' Councils. For example, in Caldwell Parish, where 330 of the 450 Negroes registered were challenged, the registrar refused to accept affidavits from a challenged voter unless he was accompanied by a law-enforcement officer and a member of the Citizens' Council. He also refused to accept affidavits signed by white people on the ground that they were of a different race.

Rainach has predicted that eventually ninety per cent of Negro regis-

tration in Louisiana will be eliminated. To this end he announced a new state-wide purge to get under way in 1957 that "would solve our segregation problem" and make Louisiana "a shining example to the nation on how to thwart the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People."

Trial by Jury

After the election was over in November, 1956, the Justice Department began the action it had threatened against the registrars and the Citizens' Council leaders involved in purges that had taken place in Louisiana. A Federal grand jury was empaneled on December 4 and subpoenas were issued. Between January 29 and February 6, the grand jury heard testimony on three parishes—Grant, Caldwell, and De Soto. Rainach's prediction that "It is not going to be easy to get Louisiana people to indict Louisiana people" was proved correct. No indictments were issued. On February 12, the grand jury decided not to hear any testimony on three other parishes—Ouachita, Jackson, and Bienville. It announced quite candidly that there was no possibility of any indictments, whatever the evidence might be. At this point the Justice Department could have taken the matter directly to the Federal courts, but this move was considered inadvisable. Instead, Attorney General Brownell turned to Congress and asked for the power to initiate civil action for preventive relief by injunction, restraining order, and declaratory judgment. This approach, he argued, would be more effective because it would be less harsh and would not impose on anyone, particularly public officials, the stigma of criminal prosecution.

Southern Negroes are somewhat skeptical about the libertarian zeal of a number of Southern senators to amend the administration's civil-rights bill by guaranteeing a jury trial to anyone who is held in contempt of a Federal court for not obeying its injunctions. Perhaps, as Governor Coleman says, this skepticism is a form of mass slander. But on the basis of experience, the thousands of Negroes who have been denied the right to vote throughout the South suspect that they have more to gain from a Federal court than from an all-white jury.

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Some Strange New Converts To the Cause of Civil Rights

WALTER F. MURPHY

SPEAKING of Southern opposition to his civil-rights bill, President Eisenhower recently quoted William Howard Taft that "to put a jury trial between a court order and the enforcement of that order . . . [is] really welcoming anarchy." The Southerners propose to amend the bill by guaranteeing a trial by jury in certain cases involving contempt of court. The Department of Justice has stated that this "would undermine the authority of the Federal courts," while Southern senators have called the administration's bill "as drastic and indefensible a legislative proposal as was ever submitted to any legislative body in this country." They go even further: ". . . its enactment is, in essence, an insulting and insupportable indictment of a whole people." Even allowing for politics, these are strong sentiments and harsh words.

THE MEASURE introduced by Senators Byrd of Virginia, Eastland of Mississippi, and Thurmond of South Carolina (the BET bill) provides that in cases of contempt not committed in or near a court "the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the contempt shall have been committed." (In the House, a bill introduced by John J. Flynt, Jr., of Georgia has made a similar proposal.)

Senator Eastland has said that "there can be, under our Constitution, no right or privilege which is more sacred and more fundamental to the preservation of liberty than that of trial by jury in all cases where the victims can be confined for long prison sentences." But Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois calls the measure's supporters "overnight champions of jury trials," concluding that "Opponents of civil rights are not fighting for jury trial, but for the right to violate the law. Their entire argument is based on the expectation that civil-rights decrees of the Federal court will be violated and disregarded. They are fighting for the right of defiance to the law of the land without fear of punishment or restraint."

Because of his background as a state supreme court associate justice, Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina has been the intellectual leader of the opponents of the 1957 civil-rights bill, and he has expressed himself eloquently about the necessity of providing jury trials in contempt cases. Interestingly enough, the laws of North Carolina do not accord a jury trial as a right in contempt cases arising out of disobedience to injunctions. Even more noteworthy is the fact that while he was serving on the state supreme court, Senator Ervin joined in opinions affirming the validity of this position.

As a matter of fact, when the proponents of the Flynt and BET bills speak of the sacred right of jury trial and limitations on absolute authority, they generally overlook the fact that the states they represent have never seen fit to guarantee that sacred right for contempt cases in their own courts.

It's Different Back Home

Neither Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, nor Virginia gives a jury trial as a matter of right in contempt-of-court cases—except in very special situations. (At this writing the South Carolina legislature has a bill before it that would allow jury trials in contempt cases.) Nor have the state courts in their interpretations of state constitutions or codes read into them any jury-trial protection.

On the contrary, the state tribunals have adopted the view of the Federal courts that the power to punish for contempt is inherent in a court of general jurisdiction and is not derived from any legislative authorization. In some instances, they have also sustained the right of a judge to inflict contempt punishment not only in open court but also in his chambers when the court is not in regular session.

The Georgia Code stipulates that state courts shall have the power summarily to punish contempt consisting either of misbehavior in the presence of the court or "disobedience or resistance by any officer of said courts, party, juror, witness, or other person or persons to any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree, or command. . . ." A jury trial is a matter of right only where a defendant has refused to turn over money that he claims is no longer in his possession. The Georgia courts have consistently ruled that the absence of a right to a jury trial violates no constitutional provision.

South Carolina law provides that disobedience of a court order "may be punished by a *judge* as for a contempt." Similarly, circuit courts may punish "by fine or imprisonment, at the discretion of the court, all contempts of authority in any cause or hearing before the same." There is a requirement in the South Carolina Code for a hearing in contempt cases where a jail sentence is to be imposed—but no guarantee of a jury trial.

The Mississippi Code contains

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regulations similar to those of Georgia and South Carolina. Here again the accused does not rate a jury trial as a right in contempt cases. In 1907 the state supreme court dismissed a plea for such a trial with the brusque statement: ". . . the overwhelming weight of authority is that in such cases [contempt] they [defendants] were not entitled to a jury trial." There is one clause in the Mississippi Code which orders that where "necessary and proper" a court of chancery shall cause issues of fact to be tried by a jury in the customary manner. This might seem to offer protection in at least some contempt cases, but it has been interpreted by the state supreme court to be merely a discretionary power that a chancellor may use when he sees fit.

VIRGINIA has a set of regulations that parallel those of the United States. The Virginia statutes are more detailed than those of the other three states and make it quite specifically clear that there is in general the right to a jury trial under only one condition: where the act of contempt was committed in the presence or immediate vicinity of the court and the judge wishes to impose a sentence of more than ten days' imprisonment or a fine of more than fifty dollars.

In contempt cases arising from disobedience or resistance to the court, the judge may punish the defendant "summarily." The authority to deal with contempt is one that the Virginia courts have guarded jealously. In 1897, the General Assembly tried to extend the right of jury trial, but the state supreme court of appeals declared the act unconstitutional. Referring to a jury as "a tribunal separate and distinct from the court," the justices declared: "The power to punish for contempts is inherent in the courts, and is conferred upon them by the constitution by the very act of their creation. It is a trust confided and a duty imposed upon us by the sovereign people, which we cannot surrender or suffer to be impaired without being recreant in our duty."

After this decision the state adopted a constitutional amendment giving the legislature the right to regulate the contempt power of the judiciary. The Virginia supreme court of appeals was willing to readjust its position, but not to execute a general retreat. It upheld this legislation as a "reasonable regulation" that did not impair or abridge the constitutional power of the courts, and reasserted the underlying principle: "At common law the general rule was that no person could be deprived of his property or his liberty except by the judgment of his peers. To this rule, however, there was an exception, and in cases of contempt the offender could be attached, brought at once before the court, and punished without the intervention of a jury."

'A Want of Confidence . . .?'

Senator Thurmond has called the right of trial by jury "one of the great American heritages." But if the states of Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia do not recognize it as a fundamental right in contempt cases, it is hardly logical, however convenient, for representatives of these states to propose that the Federal courts surrender their own enforcement powers in contempt cases.

Indeed, Georgia has put this very power to excellent use in its battle against the Supreme Court, the N.A.A.C.P., and school desegregation. In 1956 the president of the Atlanta branch of the N.A.A.C.P. was sentenced by a state circuit court to twelve months in prison for failure to produce membership records that were desired for an alleged tax investigation. This defendant was not accorded the right of jury trial. In Alabama, the N.A.A.C.P. was fined $100,000 in a similar controversy.

But the real purpose behind the new jury proposals is quite obviously tied in with the current fight for continued school segregation and for white supremacy in the South. If no restriction is placed on the contempt powers of the Federal courts, implementation of the Supreme Court's school decisions can be defied only at the risk of a prison term or a heavy fine. Moreover, if the 1957 civil-rights bill is passed without such a restriction, the means of keeping the Negro from the polls will be severely restricted. State and Federal legislators who come from districts with Negro majorities might face ouster; even those officials from areas where Negroes form less than a majority would have to alter their approach to political campaigns and racial issues.

IT MAY WELL BE that the contempt power of both state and Federal courts needs overhauling. The abstract argument for jury trial is certainly worth considering with great care. On the other hand, the following question posed by the Virginia supreme court of appeals should be weighed with equal thoughtfulness: "It was suggested in argument that to maintain the position that to invest juries with the power to punish for contempts would impair the efficiency and dignity of courts disclosed a want of confidence in that time-honored institution. May it not be said in reply that to take from courts a jurisdiction which they have possessed from their foundation betrays a want of confidence in them wholly unfounded by experience?"

Whatever the final decision, whether to continue or to restrict the contempt power of the Federal judiciary, the issues underlying the current proposals should be understood as part of the larger battle for civil rights.

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White Supremacy And the 'Filibusteros'

STUART LONG

THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE, which has recently wound up its every-other-year session, refused to pass nine of eleven bills designed to stave off the U. S. Supreme Court's segregation decision.

When the session started in January, a bloc of East Texas segregationists introduced the bills, which have become standard in Southern legislatures since the Supreme Court decision. They ranged from a little gem to provide that public funds could not be paid to anyone belonging to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to a measure allowing school boards to assign pupils to schools and classes on the basis of seventeen vague "factors" not including race.

South and West Texas members, whose school districts have been integrated, fought a delaying action in the 150-member house. But the first nine of the bills were rolled through by votes in the neighborhood of 85-50, with some members abstaining.

When they got to the senate, two sons of immigrant parents announced they would filibuster to block the bills. They were Senators Henry Gonzalez of San Antonio and Abraham Kazen, Jr., of Laredo. They got powerful support from the dean of the senate, Senator Rudolph Weinert of Seguin, and energetic assistance from three young senators: Charles Herring of Austin, like Gonzalez and Kazen a Catholic; Hubert Hudson of Brownsville, a young millionaire Episcopal vestryman; and Frank Owen of El Paso, where a Spanish-speaking majority saw to it that El Paso became the first major Texas city to integrate its schools.

THE TEXAS SENATE has a somewhat unusual method of operation. No bill can be brought up for debate without a two-thirds majority vote of the senators present. Because the senate consists of thirty-one members, eleven "No" votes on suspending the rule will block any bill. When there are absences, nine or ten will sometimes do the job.

When Senator Wardlow Lane of Center brought up the pupil-assignment bill, there were only six "Nays." Kazen got the floor, started talking, and kept it up for fifteen hours. Gonzalez took over at five one morning and talked until two the next morning. Kazen came back to the floor, ready to take over for another stint. Herring and Owen also arrived, ready to ask long questions to wear away the hours. Lane, who had hoped to roll through the whole package of bills when Gonzalez tired, was lucky to be able to get one of them through. His majority, called from their beds at 2 A.M. to vote, had shrunk during the thirty-six-hour filibuster, which brought a flood of telegrams of public support to Gonzalez and Kazen. Lane had but a bare majority to pass the single bill and send it to Governor Price Daniel for signature. The *filibusteros* had gained from six to twelve votes as their example gave courage to senators who had feared to vote against the bills even though they knew they were no good.

Lane waited several days, and chose a moment when Owen and Hudson were off the floor to move to take up the second bill. That way, he got the two-thirds majority, and then quickly invoked cloture by cutting off amendments. This was done by a 15-14 vote, with Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey, an East Texan, breaking the tie. This meant that Gonzalez, who had the floor, could talk as long as he was able, but then they would vote. He talked for eleven hours, and then sat down, again on the stipulation that only one bill would be passed.

That was the end of the bills. The Spanish-speaking *filibusteros* won over the crucial extra votes they needed to block all further bills. Lane tried three times to bring up the third one, which would have paid parents state and local school tax money to send their children to "private non-sectarian schools" rather than integrated public schools. Each time, the integrationists were able to muster the necessary third of the votes of those present.

The session ended with Lane giving out an interview for his home-country segregationist papers that he was lucky to get two of the bills passed, in view of the strong opposition.

GONZALEZ, who as a San Antonio city councilman had made the motion to integrate all publicly owned facilities in that city, was jubilant at blocking the rest of the bills. He tried to get Governor Daniel to submit the bills that were passed to Attorney General Will Wilson for an opinion as to their constitutionality. Wilson had been a member of the Texas supreme court when it unanimously struck down the Texas constitutional and statutory provisions for separate schools. One bill, sent to Wilson by a committee, was declared unconstitutional. But Daniel felt his campaign promise to use all lawful means to avert integration meant that the bills should be signed. So he signed them, trying to hold his South Texas Spanish-speaking support by saying he was sure the new laws couldn't be used to segregate children of Mexican ancestry.

Harold Kilpatrick of the Texas Council of Churches, who bolstered senatorial courage with a united array of churchmen's telegrams, was naturally disappointed that two bills passed and that undemocratic techniques had to be used to block the other nine, but he was happy that so much of the legislation had been killed. He is hopeful that by the 1959 session of the legislature, agitation from the Texas Citizens' Councils will be played out.

Meanwhile, the *filibusteros* are sure they will gain converts on the issue, which Gonzalez described as "whether we are for constitutional democracy and the brotherhood of man, or against them."

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Syria: Communism, Nasserism, And a Man Named Serraj

CLAIRE STERLING

DAMASCUS

SINCE it cannot match Egypt in size, or Saudi Arabia in wealth, or Iraq in progress, the young Republic of Syria has few claims to distinction in the Arab world. It is, however, distinguished for being the most fanatically anti-western, anti-Israeli, pro-Nasser, and pro-Soviet country in the Middle East, and it may some day have the added "honor" of being the first Communist state in Islam.

Syria has been moving so fast in that direction for the last twelve months that several western diplomats here think there is no longer any way to stop it. This being a country where the *coup d'état* is as standard a procedure as the Presidential election is in the United States, there is always an off-chance that someone might be persuaded to try an anti-Communist coup before the Communists get around to one of their own; and there is a scent of something like that in the air now. If such a plot is actually in preparation, the prospects for carrying it off are not brilliant. While the Communists aren't yet in full control of this neurasthenic little country, they are close to controlling the part of it that counts—the security police, the army, the streets—and whatever part they still don't control may be too bemused, too indifferent, or too nerveless to stand up against them.

The Russian hold on Syria has little to do with ideology. Except for some ten thousand party members, few of the three and a half million Moslems here know any more about Marxist theory than they do about relativity, and their knowledge of Communism in practice is gleaned largely from colored photographs of proletarian Olympic discus throwers and peasant girls gathering sheaves of golden Ukrainian wheat.

ALTHOUGH the Propaganda Office is run inexorably by the pro-Soviet Socialist Resurrectionist Party (Hesb el-Ba'ath), its censorship is not complete. Only seven of the country's twenty-nine dailies, for instance, take an uncompromisingly Communist line. But the others are forced to rely heavily on what the Egyptians and Russians see fit to tell them.

Egyptian dailies sell almost as widely here as Syrian, and Egyptian weeklies far more widely. The Egyptian news agency, Mena, provides the bulk of all published news. The Egyptian newsreel, Misr, has been distributed free to all movie houses by the Syrian Office of Propaganda for the past year, thus driving all western newsreels out of the market. Radio Cairo is picked up by the Syrian radio within fifteen minutes of a broadcast, and during the Suez crisis last summer and fall, two Egyptians were stationed at Syrian radio headquarters to direct handling of commentaries and news.

The Russians, for their part, have covered Syrian newsstands with attractive publications in Arabic and French. Their news agency, Tass, has a large office in Damascus headed by a thoroughly trained Arabist, who issues two daily bulletins and often provides special services. Russian films and documentaries are shown in at least one first-run movie house each week. Radio Moscow is quoted almost as frequently as Radio Cairo, and the Soviet Embassy—with a much more elaborate diplomatic staff than any other in Damascus—has been so diligent and generous about placing "cultural" stories in the Syrian press that it has made many a local editor prosperous, if not rich.

It would be hard, under such circumstances, to find any man on the streets of Damascus, Homs, or Aleppo who doesn't think of Nasser as a paternal guide and of Khrushchev as a benevolent uncle. The same man might be the first to tell you he is against Communism. But "Communism is one thing," as Premier Sabri el-Assali observed recently while he swore on the Koran never to let that doctrine infiltrate his country, "and friendship for Russia is another." As far as most Syrians are concerned, that friendship involves nothing more than admiration for and gratitude to a country that is willing to bomb Britain so as to defend Nasser, to exterminate Israel so as to solace the Arabs, and to provide the Arabs with as many weapons as they want, or more. "The Russians don't have to *ask* us to do anything," says a leader of one of the anti-Communist parties. "We will do anything we think they *might* want, we are so grateful."

Refurnishing the 'Junkyard'

Propaganda alone could not have done this. The real cause is the Soviet supply of arms. Even more passionately than the Egyptians, the Syrians had for years been demanding arms from the West for defensive and/or offensive use against Israel. The arms they received, mostly from France, had been so obsolete as to make their country known as the junkyard of the Middle East. When antiquated French rifles blew up in the hands of young Syrian officers during their 1954 civil war, feeling on the subject ran high. Accordingly, when Egypt made its deal for Russian arms the following year, the Syrians were delighted to follow suit.

A lot of tall stories have circulated about how many arms Syria has actually received since the first shipload came in March, 1956. It is not true, for instance, that the Russians sent several hundred MIGs here during the Suez crisis, complete with Soviet pilots and ground crews; there weren't enough airfields in the whole country to accommodate

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them at that time, though there are now. What the Russians did send, however, has been quite enough to impress the Syrians. According to the best-informed neutral observers, it includes: fifty-five German Mark IV tanks of Second World War vintage; 140 medium T-34 tanks with post-Korean modifications; fifty to sixty SU-100 self-propelled guns, the companion piece of the T-34; enough 122-mm. and 152-mm. howitzers to equip four battalions; enough 85-mm. and 37-mm. anti-aircraft guns for six battalions; two hundred latest-model BTR-152 armored personnel carriers; five hundred Skoda military vehicles of all kinds; one or two ultramodern mobile radar units; a plentiful supply of mortars, small arms, and ammunition; and so many submachine guns that any Syrian who can produce a membership card in the Ba'ath can buy an excellent Czech model for four dollars. As for aircraft, the Syrians showed only twelve MIGs in their Evacuation Day parade last April 17, which is about as many as they have pilots for. The most careful observers, however, put their total of MIG-15s and -17s at anywhere between fifty and 110.

THEORETICALLY at least, these supplies, believed to be worth between $150 million and $200 million, aren't any more than the fifty-thousand-man Syrian Army could absorb. But if there is no evidence so far that the Russians have been stockpiling weapons here for their own future use, even the most cautious western experts will become suspicious if the shipments should continue beyond the end of this month, and preparations to receive such shipments are assuredly under way.

Among the projects known to be recently completed or under construction are: enlargement of Syria's only usable port at Latakia; enlargement of a small naval base just above Latakia; a new port just north of the pipeline terminal at Baniyas; expansion of the military-supply depot at Hama; improvement of the Damascus airfield so as to accommodate jets; a new airfield at Dmir, near Damascus; a top-secret field some twenty miles from El-Rasafi; and another near the Turkish border, only half an hour by jet from Russia.

To a man, of course, the Syrians deny that any of their weapons might eventually be used by the Russians. "We have paid for every bit of this in cash, with our own money," says the Ba'athist Foreign Minister Salah Bitar, neglecting to point out where Syria could have found a sum that would cover the entire national budget for the next two years, "and every bit of it is exclusively for our own troops." Not everyone might believe this. But now that the troops have had a chance to see and fondle these weapons, the point is immaterial.

Serraj and Haurani

The Syrian Army is not Communist—not more than twenty-three of its officers are believed to be party members—and contrary to some press reports, the Russians can't yet be entirely sure of its support. But they can be much surer of it than any conceivable competitor could, and they can rely with nearly perfect confidence on the man who controls it in fact if not in name.

Abdel Hamid Serraj, the handsome, engaging, thirty-two-year-old lieutenant colonel who heads Syria's Deuxième Bureau (the Army Intelligence Service), is not a member of the Communist or any other political party. He is simply the kind of Arab nationalist who would walk barefoot to Moscow as willingly as he would to Mecca, if by so doing he could bring about the destruction of Israel. He is also the most deadly efficient counterintelligence operator Syria has ever had.

Serraj became prominent two years ago, when a rightist in the Populist Party assassinated a popular young leftist officer named Adnan Malki. Since Serraj was officially responsible for Syria's internal security, he thereupon ordered a purge that was bloody even by Syrian standards. Neither the Populist Party nor any other rightist party has recovered from that experience; and on the strength of it, Serraj won the race for Malki's place as leader of the young officers' group.

Close by his side in those difficult hours was Akram Haurani, the Ba'athist leader whose skill in riding with five successive army coups—right, center, and left—since 1949 has brought him more real power than any politician in Syria today. As a reward for supporting Serraj, Haurani got control of the Office of Propaganda and the radio. It was a short jump from that to inclusion of the Ba'ath Socialists, for the first time, in a reshuffled Assali cabinet last summer. And this, in turn, gave Haurani the purchase he needed to organize the National Front that has been governing the country since December.

THE BA'ATH has only sixteen of the National Front's seventy-nine seats in Parliament—or seventeen, counting the Communist Party's one, since there has been no discernible difference between the two parties' policies for the past two years. Others in the front include "independent" leftists, moderates like Premier el-Assali, and even some rightists. None of these others, however, have the strength, skill, or perhaps even the will to govern firmly. Accordingly, Haurani has been doing most of the cabinet's thinking; and since he also controls the Foreign Affairs and National Economy Ministries directly, it isn't hard to see why Syria's "positive neutralism" has been even more positively anti-western than Egypt's, and why its economy has slipped eastward almost as far.

There is some small comfort in the fact that eighty per cent of Syria's trade is still with the West. But trade agreements have by now been made with every eastern-bloc country, including Albania. Trade with these countries has increased by close to twenty per cent in the past year, and a third of the country's cotton crop—which together with wheat makes up three-quarters of its exports—is said to be pledged in partial payment for Soviet arms. All of Syria's current military construction, and much of its important civilian construction, has been entrusted to Soviet-bloc firms. Business with these countries has become brisk enough for Skoda to open a bright new sales office just under the United States Information Service library here, and Russian tractors, sold on credit terms that no western company could possibly

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offer, are filling the northern countryside, along with some two hundred Russian "teachers" to explain how they work.

Haurani has handled all this so well that his electoral strength has grown almost as fast as his behind-the-scenes political power. In a recent by-election to replace four deputies jailed for treason, three of the four seats were won with comfortable majorities by Ba'athists.

Of all the men surrounding Serraj, Haurani undoubtedly has the most influence on him. There is little or no conflict of views, however, between Haurani and the others: Soviet Ambassador Sergei Nemtchina, Soviet military attaché Konstantin Zassarine, the three other Soviet military attachés in Damascus, and Egyptian Ambassador Mahmoud Riad, Nasser's ablest agent abroad.

Whose Obedient Servant?

Serraj has often protested that he is nothing but a modest and obedient servant of his commander in chief and his government. Several episodes suggest, however, that his allegiance goes higher up and farther afield. On November 1, 1956, for instance, the Syrian government announced it would punish sternly any citizen who, in response to Nasser's call, might sabotage the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline running through Syrian territory. Twenty-four hours later, the IPC's three pumping stations in Syria were blown up anyway. The 3,700 employees of these stations had been removed beforehand at gun point by men in military uniform, using army trucks; the sabotage itself had been devastatingly skillful; and the army colonel who IPC officials privately believe led the sabotage party, a schoolmate of Serraj's named Akram Derri, has just become Syria's new chief of military police, under the personal command of Serraj.

A similar episode came to light last month, when Jordan's King Hussein, having successfully outmaneuvered the Egyptian, Syrian, and Russian agents in an attempted coup, asked the Syrian government to get its three thousand troops off Jordanian soil. During the abortive uprising, said an official Jordanian communiqué, these Syrian troops had "cordoned off certain northern villages to cut them off from Amman, blockaded all telephone connections between Jordan, Syria, and Iraq, censored internal Jordanian telephone lines, and smuggled into Syria several plotters, including Communist agents, disguised in Syrian Army uniforms." Furthermore, the Jordanian government had arrested 160 "hardened criminals" armed with Czech weapons who, by their own signed confessions, had been "instructed to carry out political murders in Jordan," and were "in the pay of the Syrian Deuxième Bureau." To remove all doubt on this last score, the communiqué added that "the actual commander of Syrian forces in Jordan" was not Syrian Chief of Staff Nizam ed-Din but Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj.

The Jordan communiqué, which was not published in Syria, was followed a week later by an accusation from Lebanon—also not published in Syria. According to the Lebanese, the rioting in Beirut on May 30 was part of a plot to overthrow President Camille Chamoun's pro-western régime. Foreign agents had spent upwards of $300,000 to organize these riots; and two Syrian officers, armed with Czech weapons and acting on instructions from the Deuxième Bureau, had been arrested while directing the rioters. Shortly afterward, Lebanon closed its Syrian frontier.

To say that Premier el-Assali and President Shukri al-Kuwatly are heartily in favor of Serraj's enterprise would be to credit them with a selflessness they do not possess. Both are ardent pan-Arabs, both are friends of Russia, and both are abjectly loyal to Nasser—particularly al-Kuwatly, since Nasser not only sheltered him in Cairo but helped make him president on his return. But neither of them feels any more secure than any other politician in Syria, and Serraj is a menacing rival. Accordingly, they have tried several times to cut him down to size, and at least once to get rid of him. Papers ordering his transfer to Cairo were sent out last March. Serraj went into hiding immediately. Three of his four predecessors in the Deuxième Bureau had died unnatural deaths, and he was not inclined to take any chances. But the young officers' group at Quatana threatened to send tanks rolling on Damascus, and the transfer order was withdrawn.

Since then, however, things have not gone well in the Middle East for Russia, Egypt, or Syria. With the reconciliation of King Saud of Arabia and King Feisal of Iraq, the failure of the Jordan coup, and the even more wretched failure of the attempted uprising in Lebanon, Egypt and Syria are now pretty much isolated in the Arab world. Furthermore, they are beginning to quarrel among themselves. The Syrians have begun to hint that the Egyptians are preparing to renege and go West, and the Egyptians are suggesting these days that the Syrians are too emotional and immature to keep from falling over the brink toward the East. "We Egyptians will never, never, never let Communism take our country over," Ambassador Riad told me in Damascus, with perhaps more fervor than accuracy. "But we are not so sure about the Syrians. They are pushing the people here very hard toward Russia, very hard indeed, and the people might get used to the idea in the end."

WHILE Serraj is still on the upgrade, he might just possibly be about to cross the top and head downward. Reportedly there is a movement afoot in the army to replace him by Colonel Amin Nafouri, whom he had beaten out in competing for Malki's place two years ago. Reportedly, too, this would have a tranquilizing effect on the present Syrian premier and president, or on whoever might replace *them*. Lest it might also have a tranquilizing effect on the U.S. State Department, however, it should be pointed out that Serraj isn't by any means the beginning and end of the Communist threat in Syria. He is merely an instrument, useful but replaceable; and the Russians have by now accumulated more than enough notables (Haurani, for instance) to get along without him. In fact, what's wrong with Syria may be boiled down to this: The Russians have all the Syrian politicians they can use, while the Syrians have too many Russian weapons—too many perhaps for strictly Syrian consumption.

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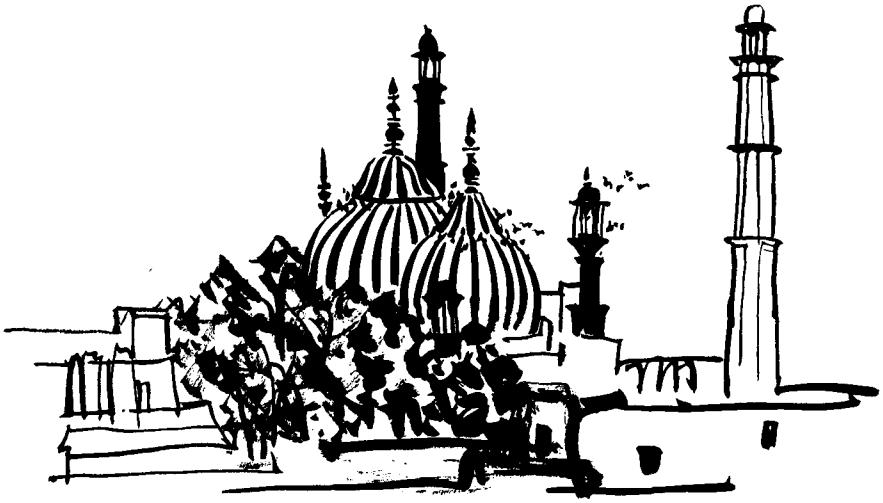

New Customers For the Shoemakers of Agra

WILLARD J. HERTZ

DURING the past winter and spring, tourists invaded Agra as usual to see the Taj Mahal, but most missed the new touch of Soviet Russia in the Indian city's Mogul architecture.

The tourists might have seen a colony of large white canvas tents on a hill not far from the Taj and dismissed it as a circus or carnival. Closer inspection would have revealed, over the compound entrance, a display of Soviet and Indian flags and a yellow-on-red sign in Russian: "Welcome to the Visitors." Inside, the curious would have found portraits of Bulganin and Khrushchev, and photographs of them with Prime Minister Nehru.

Although less satisfying aesthetically that the Taj, the tent-covered hilltop also was a monument—a monument to Russian skill in combining business with propaganda. The Soviet government had moved into Agra's failing cottage shoemaking industry with an order for 250,000 pairs, and the tent colony was an Indian government depot for inspecting and shipping the Russian purchases. (Cottage industries are those whose wares are manufactured entirely or mostly in the home, from raw material to finished product.)

With their order, the Soviets were distributing needed work and winning many friends among Agra's twenty-four thousand desperately poor and underemployed shoe artisans. They also were making quite an impression on other Agra citizens. Bicycle-rickshaw drivers were referring to the Indian government depot as "the Russian office," and the depot switchboard operator was answering the telephone "Russian sell."

At the same time, with a chronic shortage of shoes at home, the Soviets were investing in a sure bonanza. The Soviets were paying from twenty to twenty-five rupees a pair. (The rupee is worth about twenty cents.) The shoes now are retailing at government outlets in more than a dozen Russian cities for the ruble equivalent of from one to two hundred rupees.

The Soviets guarded their investment well. They had submitted twenty-six design specifications complete with samples, and Russian shoe experts, with sharp eyes for wrinkled linings and uneven seams, came down from New Delhi once a week to make sure their government was getting shoes of superior quality. As a result, Agra footwear, except for buffalo-hide soles, which are too porous, compares favorably with Russian and Czech shoes.

The Indian government and the Agra shoe industry also made a healthy profit. Shoes like those for which the Soviets paid from twenty to twenty-five rupees a pair normally bring from eight to twelve rupees in the Agra market. The government-owned National Small Industries Corporation (N.S.I.C.), official middleman in the deal, split in the windfall with Agra manufacturers and factors.

In other words, everyone came out ahead—except the Russian consumer, who still is paying for his country's shortage of consumer goods.

THE INDIANS apparently learned early in the game how to do business with the Russians. I asked an official of N.S.I.C. whether the Indian government would display the American flag and pictures of President Eisenhower if Americans bought Agra shoes.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "you must remember that this is a transaction between governments. Since the Soviet government is the purchaser, we're displaying the Soviet flag as a matter of courtesy. If Americans were buying the shoes, the purchaser would be some private firm like Macy's or Gimbel's, and if they have flags, we'd fly them."

When I expressed a certain degree of skepticism about this explanation, the official lowered his voice and said: "The truth is that we hang the flags and pictures to soften up the Russians a little. Their first inspection was pretty rough."

An Agra manufacturer told me afterwards that the Russians rejected twenty per cent of his first delivery. Later, because of improved quality as well as government "softening up," rejections decreased tenfold.

With a critical shortage of foreign exchange threatening to cripple India's Second Five-Year Plan before its second birthday, India is delighted to do business with any foreign customer regardless of political implications.

The plan was launched on April 1, 1956, and in its first year it developed a much greater appetite than had been anticipated for foreign machinery, steel, cement, raw materials, and other developmental needs. As

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a result, T. T. Krishnamachari, the finance minister, now estimates that the plan will run up a fifty per cent greater foreign-exchange deficit than the government had bargained for.

Furthermore, under the impact of the plan, rising world prices, and the Suez Canal crisis, India's trade balance took a serious turn last year. While exports dropped by almost a third from 1955 to 1956, imports jumped by almost a quarter during that same period. Starting January 1, 1957, the government imposed a drastic import-curtailment program, but recent figures indicate the balance has become increasingly lopsided. In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1957, India ran up a trade deficit of more than three billion rupees, compared with 1.095 billion in the previous fiscal year; foreign exchange reserves dropped from 8.5 billion to less than five billion.

No wonder, then, that Krishnamachari, in his May budget message to parliament proposing perhaps the stiffest tax program in India's history, termed the foreign-exchange drain "the major problem before the country."

A Far Cry from Gandhi's Dream

In May, 1956, the Indian government founded its State Trading Corporation to promote foreign trade. The Agra shoe deal was part of one of the corporation's biggest achievements to date—a ten-million-rupee order for 500,000 pairs of shoes placed by Razno-Export, the Soviet trading agency. Through the affiliated National Small Industries Corporation, State Trading allocated three hundred thousand pairs to the cottage shoe industries of Agra, Delhi, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Bangalore; it turned over the remaining 200,000 pairs to large commercial manufacturers.

The major problem of N.S.I.C. in holding up its end of the deal was to find enough cottage workers capable of making quality shoes to given specifications. Only Agra, the largest cottage shoe center in Asia, could offer a sizable reservoir of skill.

Agra workers, however, make more than eighty per cent of their shoes on speculation, with little concern for design or workmanship. Manufacturers qualifying for the Russian business tended to be the larger and more progressive producers. The mass of backward and depressed workers who needed the business the most benefited only indirectly—by taking up some of the regular Indian market demand spurned by the progressive producers, who preferred the lucrative Russian order.

Agra was allocated the lion's share of the Russian order as an additional spur in the government's efforts to keep the cottage shoe industry gain. The industry, which directly supports twenty-five per cent of the city's 375,000 population, reached a peak production of twenty-five thousand pairs a day during the Second World War. It now has slumped to about ten thousand pairs, which puts a damper on the city's economic life that the postwar influx of tourists has only partly offset.

The Agra shoe industry is a far cry from the Gandhian dream of skilled cottage artisans working in village homes close to nature and taking a craftsman's pride in the product of their labor. The Agra workers toil in one-room mud hovels clustered in filthy and insanitary slum colonies known as *bustis*. They usually work in family teams of three or four, with the children doing menial chores instead of attending school. The great goal in the lives of these people is to stay ahead of their creditors and of rising food prices.

Where the Shoes Pinch

Every evening the workers pile the day's output into large baskets and carry them on their heads to the open-air shoe market. Because they cannot store their products and wait for better prices, they are at the mercy of the middlemen. Chances are they bought leather on credit at high interest rates. They will need more leather tomorrow. Furthermore, they live from hand to mouth, and the family is waiting at home for dinner. The workers are forced to sell their shoes for whatever they can get, and exploitation is inevitable.

Since the war the shoe workers have felt the pinch of rising prices, both on leather and on living necessities. But because of their weak position in the market, they have been unable to claim a fair share of the rising price level, and inflation has filled the pockets of the middlemen. To stay alive, the workers have had to cheapen quality, substituting cloth, paper, cardboard, and even sawdust for leather. As a result, they have lost much of their market to the large foreign-built factories of Kanpur, which have been able to capitalize on the rising market.

In one *busti,* two cottage workers gave me an idea of what they are up against. Tota Ram told me that he and his two brothers make twelve pairs of cheap varnished sandals a day; they get a maximum of three rupees (about sixty-two cents) a pair, leaving them a profit of a quarter rupee, or about five cents, on each pair.

Chandra Bhan, a more conscientious craftsman, can make only two pairs a day, but he sells them for 10½ rupees ($2.20) a pair. His profit of five rupees a day makes him middle-class.

The Agra shoe workers' plight is aggravated by the fact that they are all Chamars, the untouchable caste of leather workers. Depressed by Hindu society for centuries, the Chamars have no resources and are nearly all illiterate. They cling desperately to traditional tools and techniques, which, however primitive and inefficient, are the only ones they know. Mechanization has passed most of them by.

If Agra were in a western country, the larger, more efficient industrial manufacturers would drive the cottage shoe industry out of the market. It is assumed that after a certain amount of adjustment the technologically unemployed would find more productive jobs in other industries.

But even leaving aside the emotional attachment of Gandhian intellectuals to cottage industry per se, in present Indian conditions the Agra shoe industry's death would be disastrous. Unemployment and underemployment already are pressing. Industrial development is still too limited to provide job opportunities. The shoe workers themselves are ill suited by training and caste outlook for other types of employment. "We can't ask a man to starve today," one government planner told

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me, "just so we all can be rich in twenty years."

Weak but Not Hopeless

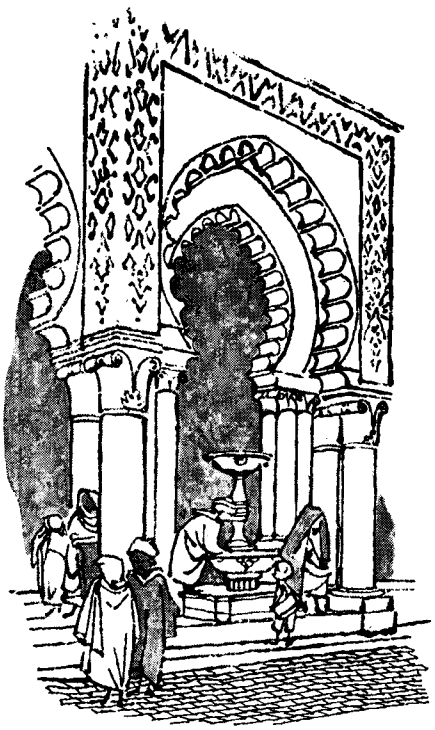
With India's shortage of capital and foreign exchange, moreover, the government is channeling heavy investment as much as possible into the manufacture of capital rather than consumer goods. Only about fifteen per cent of India's population wears shoes, and if any market is bound to grow as living standards rise, it is footwear. To meet this demand, the government is stressing cottage production to conserve the country's capital resources for steel mills.

Agra's competitive position, while weak, is not hopeless. There still is a residuum of skill—even within families there is frequent division of labor whereby each member is a specialist in a given operation. Cottage manufacture also has a major advantage over big industry: negligible overhead. The problem, then, is to salvage traditional skills with improved technology, financing, and marketing.

To help cottage workers make better shoes with less drudgery, the Indian and Uttar Pradesh state governments have converted an abandoned buffalo stable into a model workshop with the help of Erich Beyrodt, a German shoe expert brought in by the Ford Foundation. Artisans come to the workshop for designing and sizing assistance, and bring baskets of leather and semi-finished shoes for key mechanical operations, such as skiving (cutting or paring) and closing. The workshop charges only nominal fees. It makes no finished products and thus is not competitive.

The workshop is a "pilot project," a favorite term in India. This means that if the workshop is successful on a modest scale, six more will be built in the city. Once artisans are convinced of the advantages of key mechanical operations, moreover, the government hopes to make machinery available to them through loans or installment purchasing.

At the outset, the project ran into a wall of indifference. In April, 1956, its first month, only six manufacturing units brought shoes for servicing. By December the number increased to fifty-five—a sizable gain but still a small fraction of Agra's six thousand



manufacturing units. Workshop machines still are running at half capacity.

Although only two hundred yards from the workshop, Chandra Bhan, the conscientious artisan, won't bother taking his two pairs of shoes a day for servicing. His volume is so small, he explained, he might as well do the operations by hand and save a few annas. When I asked why he couldn't use the workshop's services and increase his production, he replied, "The middleman will take only two pairs a day."

To improve financing and marketing, the government is organizing and co-ordinating artisans' co-operatives. The state industries department receives orders for shoes and allots them, with raw materials and, if necessary, tools, to the co-operatives. When the finished shoes are returned, the department pays the co-operatives their selling price minus the cost of materials and reasonable wear and tear on the tools. The co-operatives pay their members wages and, if possible, annual dividends. By eliminating the middleman and the leather merchant, the system adds about twenty-five per cent to the worker's income.

There are twenty-nine co-operatives in Agra, taking in about twelve hundred of the twenty-four thousand shoe workers. So far, unfortunately, the government has been unable to get enough orders to keep them busy, and they have had to rely on the local market for much of their business.

A refinement of the government's marketing system is the Quality Mark Footwear Manufacturers Co-operative Association, whose members include the artisans' co-operatives and twenty-one individual firms. The association merchandises only superior shoes, identified by a "quality mark," and is assisted by the state government, billboards, and movie advertising for promotion of a wide variety of "quality mark" products made by cottage and small-scale units.

But the association can sell only about fifty thousand pairs a year, and many of these go to the police and army. With most Indian consumers more interested in gloss than in quality, merchants prefer shoes wholesaling for five rupees to those for twelve. The market can be upgraded only by consumer education—a long and arduous process in a country with eighty to eighty-five per cent illiteracy.

A favorable omen is that the large commercial shoe manufacturers are starting to subcontract with the association to avoid the government's ten per cent excise tax on factory production. The manufacturers previously had shied away from cottage-made shoes because of the difficulty of controlling quality. Now the association employs three inspectors to assure conformity to specifications.

Shoe Buying in Agra

The problems of Agra's shoe industry appear with only minor differences in nearly all of India's cottage and small industries, and the government is making similar efforts to improve products, ease financing, and expand markets. The Indian government spent three hundred million rupees ($60 million) on cottage and small industries in the First Five-Year Plan, and in the Second Plan has budgeted two billion rupees ($420 million).

Despite the publicity given to large-scale industrialization, India remains a nation mainly of cottage and small-scale manufacture. More

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than twenty million persons are employed in units with fewer than fifty workers—five million are engaged in the hand-loom industry alone, nearly as many as in all large organized industries combined, including steel, heavy and light engineering, consumer goods, mines, and plantation work.

The range of cottage and small-industry products, moreover, staggers the imagination. While most are made only for local consumption, many are suitable for big-city and foreign markets. In exhibitions in only two states, Uttar Pradesh and Punjab, I saw everything from pottery to radios, glassware to machine tools.

IN THIS CONTEXT, Russian shoe buying in Agra takes on far more significance than a one-shot, quick-profit business coup. It may inaugurate a new and mutually profitable trade between India and the Iron Curtain countries. India has been getting most of its imported machinery, transport equipment, steel, and cement from the West in exchange for jute, tea, and raw materials. Now, pressed for dollar and sterling exchange, it has an eye on developing an alternative flow from the Iron Curtain countries in exchange for consumer goods.

Indian-made consumer goods are among the cheapest in the world, and the Iron Curtain countries are under increasing pressure at home to make more consumer goods available. If nation-to-nation trading works for shoes, it can work for other Indian cottage and small-industry products. Already the Russians are buying trial amounts of hand-loomed textiles, sporting goods, hosiery, knitwear, and the Moradabad brassware often displayed on American bargain counters. They are negotiating a second, larger order for shoes, and the Hungarians and Poles are also window-shopping the Indian footwear.

Many Indian cottage and small industries could expand overnight if their customers gave the word. Hosiery and knitwear production is only at sixty per cent of installed capacity. To meet the Russian order, Agra shoemakers readily doubled their daily production from ten thousand to twenty thousand pairs. Sporting-goods and lock manufacturers also could double output. The potential for hand-loomed textiles is almost limitless.

As for the Soviets, the cheapness of Indian consumer goods fits neatly into the strategy of their trade offensive. Soviet monopoly pricing of imported consumer goods at home bears little relation to costs—the government can charge whatever the traffic will bear. As a result, the Soviets can undersell the West on exports, recovering their losses on imports at the expense of the Russian consumer.

In the Soviet trade offensive in India, the emphasis has been on the Russian export of machinery, steel, and technical assistance in exchange for rupees and rupee credits. Despite pious statements by Indian and Russian leaders about the great trading opportunities in the Second Five-Year Plan, Russia's rupee proceeds are starting to pile up. The shoe order gave the Russians a chance to use these rupees profitably, and purchases of other consumer goods would go a long way toward cutting them down.

IN THE PAST eighteen months, trade between India and the Iron Curtain countries has leaped ahead. In the first nine months of 1956, their exports to India amounted to $42 million, compared with $22 million in all of 1955, and their imports from India totaled $20.5 million, compared with $9.6 million. Iron Curtain trade during the nine-month period in 1956 still lagged far behind U.S. exports to India of $144.3 million and imports from India of $137.8 million, but the American figures have been stable for the past four years. The Iron Curtain countries may close up a large part of the gap by trading more machinery, steel, cement, and equipment for Indian consumer goods.

Indian officials, of course, are as eager to sell consumer goods to the United States as to the Iron Curtain countries. "We don't like putting all our eggs in one basket," an N.S.I.C. official told me, "particularly when the basket is made as much of politics as commerce. If politicians can start trade, they can stop it."

But in any competition for Indian cottage and small-industry products, it should be remembered that the Iron Curtain countries need consumer goods while we don't.

A Threat to the West

American interest in Indian cottage and small-industry products is limited for the most part to luxury goods such as fine fabrics and handicrafts—areas in which Indian producers are ill equipped to cope with the mass-buying, standardization, and quality demands of the U.S. market.

With the help of American experts, the government is trying to tailor hand-loom and handicraft products for the U.S. market. As a result, the flow of these products to the U.S. is increasing sharply, but it still represents only a small fraction of India's foreign trade. U.S. purchases of hand-loomed textiles, for example, went from 76,000 yards in 1954 to 835,000 yards in 1956, but India's total exports in 1956 amounted to nearly 60 *million* yards, most of which went to African and Asian countries.

The bulk of Indian exports to the United States continues to be items like jute, tea, and manganese, for which the demand is fairly stable. Apparently the only way to meet Soviet trade competition is through more persistent efforts by American government and private industry to find new Indian products and raw materials for sale in the United States.

The United States is also at a disadvantage because it does not practice state trading. In dealing with the Indian government, it is difficult for private traders to compete with the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade.

The Russian shoe deal belies the notion that in Soviet state trading, profit making necessarily takes a back seat to propaganda. For the Russians' shrewd agents, state trading is both a political and an economic tool. Razno-Export is no more averse to making a ruble than Macy's to making a dollar.

The threat to the West is that Soviet state trading can operate in India in the black, and that this highly lucrative phase of Russia's economic offensive seems to offer almost unlimited possibilties.

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Egypt's Seizure of Suez —A Lawyer's View

ROBERT DELSON

EGYPT'S *Official Gazette* is normally no best-seller, in the Middle East or anywhere else. But on July 26, 1956, it published one of the better-read sentences of the decade: "The Universal Company of the Suez Maritime Canal . . . is hereby nationalized."

The alarm that this sudden announcement produced gave rise to a host of legal arguments directed against the nationalization, most of which have been so tortured by political considerations as to obscure the real issues, both legal and political.

Now that the United States has expressed its *de facto* acquiescence—at least provisionally—in Egypt's régime for the Suez Canal proposed in that country's declaration of April 24, the atmosphere may be more conducive to an analysis of the legal issues on their merits. Such an analysis, here attempted, reveals that the legal basis of the opposition to nationalization is exceedingly weak. Even so, the opponents reacted vigorously to the nationalization, in striking contrast to their prior failure to enforce Israel's right to freedom of passage, a right which was clearly acknowledged by the Security Council's resolution of 1951 calling upon Egypt to terminate its restrictions against Israeli shipping.

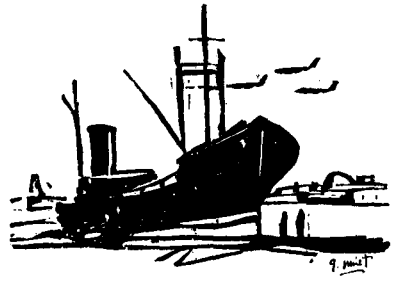
If the users had acted with determination to enforce Israel's rights in 1951, they might not have found themselves in the position of attempting to deny to Egypt its rights to nationalize in 1956, since the principle of passage without discrimination would by then have been established beyond doubt.

The weakness of the opposition to nationalization may be seen from a consideration of the two main legal issues. Who ought to own the equipment and other assets necessary to the operation of the canal? And who ought to manage and control its operation? When you look at the questions closely, they merge into one: Did Egypt have the right to nationalize the assets of the canal company located in Egypt, terminate the company's concession, and replace it with an agency of the Egyptian government?

A Diet, a Ditch, and 'Dizzy'

The Suez Canal and its company were the proximate result of a piece of nineteenth-century diplomacy by Ferdinand de Lesseps, a diligent man when it came to promoting what he liked to call "piercing the Isthmus." As a young vice-consul at Alexandria back in 1832, de Lesseps won the affection of Viceroy Mehemet Ali's son Said by surreptitiously feeding him bowls of macaroni, in circumvention of a strict diet imposed by his father. When Said became viceroy twenty-two years later, de Lesseps sailed for Alexandria and popped the question to his old friend. Said thereupon approved the first of the canal concessions.

These concessions—there were three of them, in 1854, 1856, and 1866—are in the nature of grants from the viceroy to de Lesseps and the Universal Suez Canal Company he had created. They gave de Lesseps permission to pierce his isthmus, and set out in considerable detail both the legal and physical mechanics of how he and the company were to go about it. Among other things, these mechanics included authority for the company to operate the canal for ninety-nine years, and a declaration by the khedive (as the viceroy came to be styled) that the canal would be open to transit by all merchant ships without discrimination.



Egypt maintained a sizable block of shares in the canal under these contracts, but Said's successor, Ismail the Profligate, sold them in an unsuccessful attempt to pay off the mortgage on his lavish standard of living. They were snapped up by Britain's Disraeli in a shrewd transaction that put the British squarely in the canal picture and has helped keep them there ever since.

The concessions were followed by another legal document that both sides have been quoting to support their views on the nationalization of the canal—the Constantinople Convention of 1888. The convention brought together nine nations with a common concern for encouraging sea-borne commerce. It produced a treaty designed to establish ". . . a definitive system intended to guarantee, at all times and to all the Powers, the free use of the Suez Maritime Canal . . ." Thus the convention's signers put into the binding form of an international treaty the guarantee of free passage, which up to then had been expressed only in a private agreement between the khedive and the company.

IN NATIONALIZING the canal, Nasser made it clear that he regarded Egypt's position under the concessions as the product of a confidence game in which Egyptian money and Egyptian lives had been exploited for foreign profit—"They used to suck our blood, our rights and take them. Today . . . we regain our rights . . ." His decree nationalized the canal company, transferred all its assets, rights, and obligations to the Egyptian government, and transferred its management functions to an Egyptian government agency; it promised that stockholders would be compensated once Egypt had taken delivery of all the company's property.

This discussion of the validity of Nasser's nationalization will be confined to its effect on the company's assets located solely within Egypt, which includes the concessions as well as the physical operating assets. It will not deal with the validity of the termination of the corporate existence of the company

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or with Nasser's right to acquire assets located outside Egypt, since determination of the significant issues, namely, the right to freedom of passage and the right to operate the canal, depends only on Nasser's right to nationalize the assets of the company within Egypt.

THE OPPONENTS of nationalization have mustered a large group of arguments in support of their view, while Egypt has come up with almost as large a group of counter-arguments. In this fog of charge and countercharge there seem to be five main anti-nationalization arguments, some contradictory and some overlapping:

¶ A country in general has no right to nationalize foreign-owned assets even if they are within its own borders.

¶ Nasser in particular had no right to nationalize because the canal company was French, not Egyptian.

¶ Nasser nationalized improperly because he did not adequately compensate the company's owners.

¶ Nasser nationalized such assets improperly because the Constantinople Convention of 1888, by providing for unrestricted passage, internationalized the waterway. Such internationalization, claims the West, requires an international agency like the company to keep it in effect.

¶ Nasser had no right to nationalize such assets because the wording of the convention made the concessions between Egypt and the company part of the convention itself, transforming the concessions into binding international obligations. This made the company an international agency, immune from Egypt's jurisdiction, and subjected the canal to international control. Internationalization of both the company and the canal set up a balanced scheme that put the company in charge of maintaining free passage and immunized it from nationalization.

A Defective Foursome

The first four of these arguments trip over the precedents and doctrines of international law.

The general right of a sovereign to nationalize property within his borders if he pays adequate compensation is a long-standing one; it was recognized by the United States in the 1930's when Mexico expropriated American oil interests, and more recently by the courts of Italy and Japan when Iran nationalized the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

The claim that the company was French is equally irrelevant to the right to nationalize the company's assets in Egypt, although Egypt has chosen to rebut it in kind by saying that the concessions and the convention made the company Egyptian. From the lawyer's point of view the sovereign's right to nationalize a company's assets depends not one whit on whether a company is Egyptian or French, so long as these assets lie within his borders.

As to compensation, it is true that up to now Nasser has not reached into his pocket to meet the expensive second half of the doctrine that a sovereign may nationalize if he pays for it, and he has hedged in his agreement to pay with the unusual condition that the company deliver its assets both inside and outside of Egypt to his government. Despite this, courts would probably hold that although his failure to pay leaves him owing a lot of money, it does not invalidate his nationalization.

The fourth argument falls because international law holds that in the absence of a treaty a canal is like a river—in so far as it runs in one country, it is subject to that country's jurisdiction; vessels of other countries may pass through only at the discretion of the sovereign. Treaties may provide for surrender of part of that jurisdiction by giving other nations a right to free passage. Thus, the Barcelona Convention adopted in 1921, dealing with Navigable Waterways of International Concern, stipulates that in the absence of specific treaty provision, the operation even of rivers where free passage is permitted is left in the hands of the adjoining state or states.

Some treaties may go even further by providing a means of ensuring enjoyment of the right of free transit. In such cases the sovereign surrenders his right to administer or operate the waterway to an international authority representing the users. Egypt did not go this far in the convention; it permitted only free transit through the canal. This would leave Egypt with the right to operate it.

In other words, treaties distinguish between internationalization of the *waters,* which thereby became subject to the right of free passage by other nations, and internationalization of the *operation,* under which administration and control also pass to other nations, to the extent agreed upon. Failure to make this distinction leads to the confusing use of the word "internationalization," which in its looser meaning is all things to all lawyers.

Balance and Bias in Three Words

The fifth argument of the opponents of nationalization is much the strongest. Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Selwyn Lloyd and Secretary of State Dulles have done the best job of stating it clearly. Lloyd has said: "The Convention, together with the company concessions, constituted a balanced scheme . . . The position of the users . . . was guarded partly by the Convention and partly by the fact that the Canal was operated by a company . . . constituted so as to be capable of providing for user interests. Operation by this company for the period of its concession formed part of the basis of the Convention, as declared in its preamble . . . The Egyptian government has destroyed the balance of this scheme: it has taken out of the scheme the operation of the canal by the company." Secretary Dulles has said that the 1866 concession "has been by reference incorporated into and made part of what is called the definite system set up by the 1888 treaty. . . . The United States does not believe the Egyptian Government had the right to wipe out that Convention establishing the rights of the . . . Company . . . This arrangement had the status of an international compact; many relied upon it. The operating rights and assets of that company were impressed with an international interest. . . ."

The key fact in the argument of Dulles and Lloyd—that the convention incorporated the concessions—turns on three words, "complete the system," which appear in its preamble:

". . . being desirous of establishing, by a Conventional Act, a definitive system intended to guarantee, at all times and to all the Powers, the free

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use of the Suez Maritime Canal, and thus to complete the system under which the navigation of this Canal has been placed [by the concessions] . . ."

On its face, the convention expressly states that the system for free navigation which Dulles and Lloyd are concerned about keeping completed is the one which the concessions had placed in the hands of Egypt, allowing Egypt to control navigation at its discretion.

When the preamble talks about "establishing a definitive system" intended to guarantee the free use of the canal, it shows that the convention's aim was to replace Egypt's voluntary promise to the company to permit free passage with a legal obligation to at least nine countries to do so. Thus the reference to the concessions meant only that the convention, in "completing the system," transformed a discretionary right exercised by Egypt under a private arrangement into a legal obligation imposed by treaty.

MORE EVIDENCE that these three words don't back up the Dulles-Lloyd argument lies in the convention's two thousand-odd other words. These again indicate to the lawyer that the convention had something very different in mind from Lloyd's "balanced scheme" and Dulles's "international interest" when it attempted to "complete the system." For one thing, the convention's Article IX made Egypt, not the company, the ultimate guarantor of unhampered traffic. Its Article VIII established a consular commission, composed of representatives of the convention's signers, to report any prospective violations to the Egyptian government, not to the company. The company is not even mentioned in these articles.

Again, the signers of the convention specified in Article XIV that guarantees of free passage should "not be limited by the duration of the Acts of Concession" of the company. It is clear, then, that they intended to keep the canal open not through the agency of a specific company but through whatever agency might be designated by Egypt to control the canal in the future.

Finally, the convention did not give the company any of the characteristics that might make it an international organization immune from nationalization. Lloyd has compared the company to the Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland, saying that just as the Swiss government could not nationalize the bank, the Egyptian government could not nationalize the company. But there is no analogy. In the treaty that led to its chartering the bank, Switzerland promised that it would not seize the bank or its assets. Egypt made no such promise in either the convention or the concessions. Instead, the convention's Article XIII provided that the rights of the sovereign (now Egypt) are in no way affected "aside from the obligations expressly provided for by the clauses of the present treaty," and Article XII reserved the rights of the territorial power.

In summary, the view of the canal company as the convention-bred, internationally appointed, and privileged guardian angel of free passage runs aground on the terms of the convention itself, which provided that everybody ought to be able to go back and forth through the canal, not that everybody ought to own or operate it.

The Pot and the Kettle

The idea that the canal was not subject to an international operating agency gains further support from British policy and Suez history.

In 1882 an earlier and more successful British amphibious expedition invaded Egypt. The people who sent it were worried about the prospective destruction of the canal by an earlier group of nationalists.

Between 1888 and 1904 the British, who had beaten down the threat and then stayed on, kept the convention from going into effect after all the parties had signed it, until the French finally agreed to a British reservation eliminating even the innocuous international supervision in the form of a consular commission provided in Article VIII.

In 1922, when the British granted nominal independence to Egypt, they reserved exclusive power to control and defend the canal.

In both World Wars the British

ELIHU ROOT ON INTERNATIONAL WATERWAYS

"The formal rules of international law are but declarations of what is just and right in the generality of cases. But where the application of such a general rule would impair the just rights or imperil the existence of neighboring states or would unduly threaten the peace of a continent or would injuriously affect the general interests of mankind, it has always been the practice of civilized nations to deny the application of the formal rule and compel conformity to the principles of justice upon which all rules depend."

—To the Union League Club of Chicago, February 22, 1904

"Mr. President, there has been much discussion for many years among authorities upon international law, as to whether artificial canals for the convenience of commerce did not partake of the character of natural passageways to such a degree that, by the rules of international law, equality must be observed in the treatment of mankind by the nation which has possession and control. Many very high authorities have asserted that that rule applies to the Panama Canal even without a treaty. We base our title upon the right of mankind in the Isthmus, treaty or no treaty. We have long asserted . . . that the nations of Central America had no right to debar the world from its right of passage across the Isthmus. Upon that view . . . we base the justice of our entire action upon the Isthmus which resulted in our having the Canal Zone. We could not have taken it for our selfish interest; we could not have taken it for the purpose of securing an advantage to the people of the United States over the other peoples of the world. It was only because civilization had its rights to passage across the Isthmus, and because we made ourselves the mandatory of civilization to assert those rights, that we are entitled to be there at all. On the principles which underlie our action and upon all the declarations that we have made for more than half a century, as well as upon the express and positive stipulations of our treaties, we are forbidden to say we have taken the custody of the Canal Zone to give ourselves any right of preference over the other civilized nations of the world, beyond those rights which go to the owner of a canal to have the tolls that are charged for passage."

—In the U.S. Senate, January 21, 1913

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Navy kept the canal open for Allied ships alone, and when Rommel was fifty miles from the canal in 1943, President Roosevelt sought assurances that Britain was prepared to blow up the canal if necessary. This was despite the provision of the convention that the canal was to be open in times of war as well as peace.

In 1948 Egypt closed the canal to Israeli vessels and to cargoes bound for Israel. A formidable British land force still controlled the Canal Zone, but even with a friendly government operating Egypt and a friendly company operating the canal, Britain was unable or unwilling to do anything about the Egyptian action.

Since 1951, when the U.N. Security Council decided that Egypt's treatment of Israeli shipping violated the Egypt-Israel Armistice Agreement of 1949, there is no record of any determined attempt—by Britain or anybody else in the West—to support the Security Council's decision. Right up to the day of Nasser's nationalization, nobody in the West had asserted that the canal company was an international agency charged with the job of guaranteeing freedom of passage.

ALL THIS adds up to the unpleasant conclusion that in history as well as in law, the canal company was not the guarantor of the convention's principles. Worse, the convention's signers and current champions turned their backs on its principles when it suited them to do so.

If we were considering what the law ought to be, we might well find, in this writer's opinion, that the peace of the world and its economic stability would be furthered by changing the law through international agreements which would establish supranational régimes for the Suez Canal—and for other international waterways. This article, however, deals only with the present status of international law and with the present equilibrium of international forces that underlies the legal status. Under these circumstances, the conclusion seems to this writer inescapable that Nasser had the right to take over the operation of the canal.

THE FALLOUT DEBATE GOES ON

ERIC SEVAREID

Science may not yet be the master of human affairs, but it is no longer the simple servant of human will; it must now be met on its own terms. Today a row of mortals, members of Congress, sit in a row on what was once the high judicial bench of the Supreme Court in the old Court Chamber of the Capitol Building. They are trying to find out what terms science has set for the continuance of a healthy human race. But they sit there rather helplessly; the real judges, good or bad, are the witnesses—the sedate-looking physicists, biologists, and geneticists who have come out of their laboratories to explain to the political sovereignty the demands of the scientific sovereignty. One of the findings already is that nature has no special interest in the survival of Americans.

For the implicit political decisions, a new element has been added; indeed, the final element. The responsible officers of one country now face decisions affecting not just their one country but all countries, not just the generation they inhabit but all generations to come.

The Atomic Energy subcommittee in that old chamber is now hearing from the geneticists, who are the men who deal with heredity. They are neither very complacent nor very divided about radioactive fallout—less so than the physicists or the biologists. One of them, Hermann J. Muller of Indiana, told the subcommittee June 4 that the bomb tests already held have in all probability impaired—that is, diseased, deformed, or prematurely shortened—hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of lives to come in future generations.

The sheer weight of scientific testimony is getting too heavy for the previous official position to support—the position that there is no reason for serious concern. When Mr. Adlai Stevenson a year ago raised the alarm and proposed an American initiative, at an unknown risk to security, for stopping the big bomb tests, the administration denounced his attitude. It could not do so today because the climate of opinion has swung a long way in his direction.

The area of scientific doubt about fallout effects, present and future, is still considerable. Atomic Energy Commission officials used to occupy that breach by insisting that the pessimists prove their case. Now their opponents are filling the breach, insisting that the optimists must prove *their* case, basing their stand on the simple proposition that if the optimists turn out to be wrong it will then be too late.

No magic scientific finding is expected to resolve the whole question neatly and finally: too little is known about other possible injurious substances besides strontium 90; too little is known about how the winds will concentrate the fallout now in the stratosphere upon the earth; and too little can be forecast as to how many additional nations will be exploding how many additional bombs as time goes on. Therefore the decisions that must be made are not scientific decisions; they are political and moral.

If we can get little new scientific information now, we probably *can* have new military-security information, and this may help. Our atomic and military authorities have always balanced the fallout risk in testing against the military-security gain. But what *is* this gain? They have not told us, and it is hard to see how the wisest legislators can reach even first-stage decisions about the most apocalyptic question ever faced by legislators unless they can have a look at the security side of this coin. Several moves now seem almost inevitable: The administration must provide the legislators with that look; an independent authority must be established to judge the world effect of bomb testing, with official advocates no longer doubling as official judges; a serious new initiative for an enforceable test ban with Russia must be undertaken; and—if Russia will not agree to enforcement procedures—we must face again the Solomon question of whether, as a civilized people, we shall take a present security risk upon ourselves in the name of our descendants.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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How Good Are New York's Schools?

VIRGINIA P. HELD

THE AMERICAN big city inevitably calls for mass public education. In practice this has come to mean a centralized mass-production system that attempts to give at least the appearance of education amid rising pressures and declining standards. No doubt about it, big-city schools have driven hundreds of thousands of middle-class people out to the suburbs, where the caliber of public education is constantly improving instead of deteriorating.

Can anything be done to prevent our city schools from becoming an educational wasteland? As things stand now, they are increasingly abandoned by the urban rich, who send their own children to private schools, and increasingly filled with the urban poor, who can't afford to move to the suburbs. To combat this tendency, a movement has recently gotten under way to cut down overcentralization and to restore the responsible participation by local citizens in the teaching process that has always been a hallmark of our public-school system.

AT THE TURN of the century, educators were not so much preoccupied with the deficiencies of city schools as with those of the then sparse rural school systems—their lack of competent leadership, their shabby one-room schoolhouses, and their meager curriculums. It seemed only logical to apply to public education one of the basic beliefs of the time—the bigger the organization, the better the product. In New York City back in 1902, for instance, all three hundred school districts were consolidated into one.

New York City's school system now embraces 598 elementary schools, 114 junior high schools, 31 vocational high schools, 55 academic high schools, and nearly one million pupils. This whole system is still run as one school district—from the top. The difference between the city and its suburbs is striking. In New York the board of education, which is in charge of all schools, is appointed by the mayor; in the suburbs it is elected. In the city, the mayor allocates money for the schools from the over-all tax fund, and the taxpayer has no control over the size of that amount. In suburban districts, a property owner pays a separate school tax and knows that what he pays out for schools is actually used for schools. There may be waste and graft in either case, but it is easier for the citizens of the suburbs to find out about it. In New York City the mayor, the board of estimate, and the city council have to approve the school budget and they can cut any item they want; in fact, Mayor Robert F. Wagner recently cut the board of education's request for an increase in teachers' salaries from $23 million to $6.4 million, to be spread over two years, prompting the teachers to stage a march on city hall and threaten a strike. In the suburbs the taxpayers themselves give final approval to the school budget, and they can have just about anything they are willing to pay for.

Special Care for Quiz Kids

This is not to say that public instruction in a city as large and varied as New York is all the same and all bad. New York does perform special services, for instance, in teaching the unusually intelligent child. Throughout the five boroughs there are various kinds of special classes where the bright youngster can use his brain, instead of sitting bored through his classes as he might in a small-town school. In nearly all the city schools, classes are divided according to ability. In many cases pupils with an IQ of 130 or more are eligible for I.G.C. (Intellectually Gifted Children) classes, where they are given more work and tougher assignments than their slower colleagues, and if there aren't enough of these children to fill a class in a given school they are pooled from several neighborhoods.

When they reach junior high school, children with high marks can enroll in speed-up classes that cover three years' work in two. Finally, superior students can enter one of the five highly rated special high schools by passing the stiff entrance exams, or they can profit from "honors classes" in the regular academic high schools.

It's fair to say that in New York City, the really bright public-school child usually gets as good an education as a bright child would in the suburbs, and often a better one. Yet the fact remains that the New York City public schools on the whole are not on a par with those in surrounding suburbs. Schools are not improving as fast in the city as they are in

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the suburbs, and even where the educational and economic level of the parents is comparable to that across the city line, the city schools lag behind.

It is not simply a matter of wealth, as is often supposed. Many city neighborhoods are very rich and many suburban districts are drab and crowded and poor. Suburban schools are better because no matter how interested a city neighborhood may be in its schools, it is hemmed in by a city-wide framework of large classes, overworked teachers, a shortage of money, and centralized authority. A study by the Public Education Association (a volunteer organization) shows that although New York City spends as much money per child on education as its suburbs do, its system yields less education per dollar.

In New York City the average elementary-school class has thirty children; in suburban Pelham it has twenty-one, in Scarsdale twenty-three, in Great Neck and Roslyn twenty-five. In New York City, forty-one thousand children are going to school part-time, and more than a third of the high schools are on double sessions. In East Meadow, Roslyn, Garden City, Freeport, and Scarsdale there are no double sessions at all. With school populations that have tripled and quadrupled since the war many suburbs do have double sessions, but they are catching up fast. New York City's school rolls are only eleven per cent higher than in 1945, yet today nearly three and a half times as many pupils are on part-time sessions. New York City has one teacher for every twenty-six schoolchildren; prosperous Manhasset and Bronxville have one for every fifteen—yet everyone agrees that where there are more difficult and underprivileged children, more attention is necessary.

In the junior high schools of New York City forty-five per cent of the teachers are substitutes, who are not properly trained in the subjects they teach or are unable for some other reason to get a regular appointment. In many communities a few miles beyond the city limits, every teacher is fully qualified.

An Open Meeting in Brooklyn

Beneath the statistics, the fundamental difference between the city and the suburbs lies in what the average citizen can do to affect his schools. If a school board in a small district near New York City is incompetent, if building isn't keeping up with the baby boom, or if Johnny isn't learning to read, his father can show up at the board's monthly meeting and ask questions. He can vote on the school budget, and he can vote to toss out the old school board and install new members. When a family leaves the New York City school district of nearly eight million and moves to a suburban district of ten or twenty thousand, the influence that family can exert on the schools doesn't merely increase proportionately—it changes altogether.

Recently I attended a regular monthly meeting of the New York City board of education at its headquarters in downtown Brooklyn. At these meetings decisions that the board has already made are announced, and citizens may register their protests. The scheduled starting time is four-thirty in the afternoon, a time when most working people are still at their jobs. If a Bronx mother wants to complain, she first has to travel an hour and a half on the subway. At four-thirty, exactly eight people besides the board and its staff were present. When the meeting finally got under way about an hour later, the number had increased to twenty-eight.

At this meeting the board announced a $2-million increase in its budget request, the site chosen for a school in Harlem, and the appointment of five new assistant superintendents—all matters of vital concern to large numbers of city parents. Representatives of four organizations spoke briefly, but only 0.000004 per cent of the people of New York City took part in these proceedings.

The contrast with the suburbs is startling. In a Long Island district of seventeen thousand people, the local board of education's monthly meeting draws about fifty people, the annual meeting brings in ten per cent of the total population, and more than a quarter of the parents and property owners who are eligible to vote cast their ballots in board elections where there is a contest.

Of course, no organizational structure can guarantee good schools. Some suburban districts are badly run, many needed expansion programs are turned down by their voters, and some parents are no help to the schools no matter where they live. But suburban schools are nearly always improving, while the New York City system seems to make real improvement almost impossible.

With an expense budget of $344,926,974 and a staff of forty-nine thousand, the New York City system is so colossal and so far removed

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from the ordinary citizen that the kind of participation by parents and private groups that has done so much for schools in smaller communities during the last twenty years has had little effect. Several outstanding volunteer groups do work on the city-wide level. The Public Education Association, already mentioned, has made valuable studies and experiments that have often influenced the board's planning; the United Parents Association campaigned for a $100 million school-building program and got it; the Citizens' Committee for Children keeps close tabs on how the city is treating its younger generation. But the problem is so vast that such groups can only scratch the surface and try to remedy the most flagrant abuses.

Mayor Robert F. Wagner has been more generous to the schools than many of his predecessors. He increased the amount of new funds to be spent for school construction and modernization from Impellitteri's $70 million in 1953 to $99 million in 1955. Wagner has devoted seventeen per cent of the city's total capital budget to school construction, while Impellitteri gave fifteen per cent and O'Dwyer eight per cent. But with school rolls increasing constantly and many buildings in a shocking state of deterioration, even Wagner's program is not enough. And construction is only part of the picture.

UNLIKE those in smaller communities, the city's board of education has no fiscal independence; it cannot raise money by itself but must depend on the city's politicians for approval of the way it allocates whatever it is given—even the one-third of its expense budget that it receives from the State of New York.

Another serious deficiency of the New York City system is the generally poor quality of appointments to the board of education. In Chicago the mayor appoints the board from a slate drawn up by a commission of leading civic and professional groups. No such obligation restricts the mayor of New York. Wagner has consulted informally with certain qualified groups on three appointments, but he has not asked their opinion on five reappointments.

The law decrees that the board of education in New York shall contain two members each from the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, and one member from Staten Island. Tradition decrees that the board shall be composed of three Catholics, three Jews, and three Protestants. In practice, this means that if a Queens Catholic resigns, another Queens Catholic must take his place.

Experiment in the Bronx

The structure of New York's school system has become so monolithic under the control of politicians and their appointed professionals that many educators think the time has come to find ways of turning back to the citizens themselves their proper share of school responsibility.

For many, the word "decentralization" remains a pious platitude. But one private citizen has put his ideas to the test up in the Bronx in a way that is commanding wide attention. He is Dr. Paul R. Mort, an energetic sixty-three-year-old professor from Michigan who teaches at Columbia University Teachers College and runs the Metropolitan Schools Study Council, a research organization for the New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut area.

Dr. Mort holds that the trend toward ever-bigger school systems in this country has gone much too far, and that school districts with a population of ten to fifty thousand, in which the community itself is clearly responsible for running its own schools, provide the best education. His ideas on decentralization were strengthened when he surveyed Germany's educational setup for the U.S. Military Government after the war. Americans thought the tight-knit German system should be split up; Mort was struck by the fact that there was more local control in Germany than in New York City.

When he got back to this country he buttonholed everyone he could find about extending self-government in education to city dwellers. Always he got the same answers:

¶ City people don't think of themselves as members of separate communities within the city; they have no experience with self-government and couldn't handle responsibility if it were given them.

¶ The professionals and bureaucrats who control the city systems will never relinquish their power.

Mort decided to test these assumptions. He persuaded the Public Education Association to put up thirty-one thousand dollars and Teachers College another five thousand for an experiment. "We thought that if we could draw back the curtain of authority from one little area," he told me, "we could see what city people could do if given the chance." For his test he chose a four-square-mile area in the Bronx with a population of 141,000. It was a middle-income section not

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too different from those just across the city line in the not so chic suburbs. But whereas most localities surrounding New York City had fifty teachers per thousand pupils, the test area had only thirty-six per thousand.

There is very little in the area to give its inhabitants a sense of belonging to a distinct community. On one side respectable apartment houses overlook the handsome Botanical Gardens. At its southern end stands Parkchester, Metropolitan Life's huge prewar housing project. The rest of the district contains row after row of one- and two-family houses with a patch of back yard, along with five- or six-story apartment houses and little colonies of corner stores.

Professor Mort and his staff set out to bring to life what they called the Bronx Park Community and held a mass conference to determine what the people of the area wanted most for their eleven schools. Skeptics called it a "squawk session," but half the suggestions handed in by the participants turned out to be constructive ideas, many of which have been adopted.

Nine leading citizens were named as an advisory council to work with the school officials responsible for the area. The original appointments were somewhat at random, but three years later an electoral system was set up. In 1952 the community elected area representatives—one for every hundred pupils—and these representatives constituted a limited town meeting, which chose a school committee to replace the appointed advisory council. The voter turnout was gratifying: Three times as many people took part as had previously participated in the separate schools' parent groups' elections.

This elected school committee has become a prototype for a board of education adapted to a community district within a large city. Although the New York City system does include local boards of education, their members are appointed by the borough presidents—often, it seems, for political reasons. In any event, they have practically no power.

The Bronx Park school committee devotes most of its time to special programs. One such program, undertaken because of the widespread interest discovered at the "squawk session," provides music instruction for all Bronx Park children—a rare opportunity in New York City. Over the years ten thousand dollars in voluntary contributions have been collected for this purpose, and the schools' new orchestras put on "musicales" every so often.

Many parents went to the committee to complain that their children were poor readers. The committee thereupon persuaded the assistant school superintendent for the area to set up a reading clinic in an old school building that was no longer used for regular classes. Children now go there two afternoons a week for individual attention. A social worker, paid by the community, visits the children's families in case their difficulty lies at home. Of eighty-three children with serious reading trouble who took part in the program last year, all but six have caught up completely with their classmates.

Bronx Park residents are also proud of the recreation programs and teen-age centers that have been set up recently. Younger children are offered sports and crafts after school hours; teen-agers spend evenings playing basketball, dancing, or learning about fishing tackle instead of roaming the streets. To make the centers possible the community has spent sixteen thousand dollars of its own funds in three years to supplement the city's contributions.

Dr. Jansen Approves

It is clear from all this that citizens in a great metropolis sometimes *will* make the effort to improve their schools. What's more, their officials will go along with them. Although the New York board of education itself has never approved the Bronx Park Community venture, Superintendent of Schools Dr. William Jansen has granted it a charter. "Wide and energetic co-operation between the community and the schools," he told me, "is invaluable in the search for new ideas, the improvement and expansion of school facilities, and even in enhancing a vital, creative atmosphere in the classroom. The Bronx Park project has done much for the area it serves." And Dr. Joseph Loretan, until recently assistant superintendent for the area, also became enthusiastic. Although it was something of a new experience for him to submit his professional judgments to the scrutiny of nine inquisitive laymen, he feels that "What we're doing is to try out something radically new in school government, and it's one of the most exciting things I've had a hand in."

Not long ago Loretan extended the Bronx Park idea to the neighboring area of Bronxwood. In the Bronx Park area the population is largely white—Jewish and Catholic. In Bronxwood there is a sizable Negro minority concentrated in one section. A few years ago there was almost no contact between this old Negro section and the neighboring white ones, but now representatives of the various groups work side by side to improve the schools of all the children, no matter what divisions the housing pattern has produced.

Loretan's chief, in turn, thinks so highly of the Bronx Park venture that when five new assistant superintendents were appointed recently, they were taken on a tour of Loretan's district to see how the community had been brought into school affairs. Loretan himself has just been promoted to head of the city's junior high schools.

Enthusiasm for the Bronx Park project has not been entirely unanimous. The United Parents Association argues that some of its parent groups have accomplished as much with less fanfare. James Marshall, an outstanding and enlightened member of the New York City board of education during his seventeen years of service on it, has serious reservations about local school government. "The smaller system will simply be taken over by a local political clique," he told me. "The city's board of education functions in the public view to some extent, but in a small section of the city a political faction would take over and manipulate elections. The people wouldn't care; in cities they just aren't interested in this sort of thing."

The proponents of the Bronx Park project argue that it offers the

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best hope for improving the organization of the urban school system. Technically, the Bronx school committee's authority is still purely advisory, and so far it has concerned itself largely with extras rather than with the regular school program. But why shouldn't it have a voice in the selection of the school administrator assigned by the city to the district, take part in drawing up the school curriculum, look into the way funds allocated to the area are spent, and possibly even acquire some power of local taxation?

Some time ago several Bronx Park citizens studied the Delaware system, where school government is centralized at the state level and where local areas may tax themselves for school funds over and above what they receive from the state. They discovered that community taxation yielded much more than a few extra dollars: It meant more citizen awareness, more alert teachers, more lively education. Some of the people from the Bronx wonder if this same idea might not work in New York City.

At this point some critics argue that local initiative and self-taxation might merely widen the gap between poor and wealthy neighborhoods: "It's the poor neighborhoods that really need attention." One answer to this argument is that there is already so much disparity between city and suburban schools that the best thing to do is to allow more diversity in the city and in this way help to stop the exodus of middle-income families.

The Idea Is Spreading

Even those who are most enthusiastic about Bronx-style decentralization are still not entirely sure just how authority should be divided between the local community and the city. Dr. Mort says he would like to see "the citizens of city communities handle the tactics and leave the Board of Education free to plan strategy." In any case it's apparent that the city-wide structure could not—and should not—be broken up entirely. It's a question of diversifying it and getting out from under. Administrators in large cities today have vast power to put through necessary reforms without even consulting the voters. But in practice the money often isn't spent and the reforms aren't made. City systems languish while suburban ones, dependent on voter approval, forge ahead.

New York City is not too poor to afford good schools. Mayor Wagner boasted recently that the per capita income of the city's residents is thirty-five per cent above the national average. Yet in this mayoralty-election year there are plans to lower the basic tax rate in spite of the urgent need for more teachers and better facilities.

In answer to James Marshall's doubts about decentralization, the prominent New York lawyer Morris Ernst told me: "Maybe a local clique *would* take over, but only for a decade. Then the citizens would wake up and run the schools and the playgrounds themselves. It takes fifty years for an idea to get through the city board of education. If you'd split up the city you'd get some dreaming: Lots of people would have ideas and a way of getting them heard and the schools would be richer for it."

The idea of decentralization is gradually gaining support in Chicago, Baltimore, and Buffalo, where school superintendents are delegating greater authority to the administrators responsible for particular areas of the city. But only in the Bronx has the urban citizen really been offered a chance to assume some of the responsibility himself.

It stands to reason that if people can get good schools just across the city line, they can do the same within that line, if only they are given the chance. Paul Mort and the people who have taken part in the Bronx Park Community think they have shown the way.

All the Blacksmiths You Want For Twenty Bucks a Thousand

GENE R. KEARNEY

A JUNIOR from Cornell approached Herbert Odza, chairman of the board of Dunhill International Lists, Inc., one day last year with a complicated problem. His mother and father had taken a trip around the world two years earlier and had sent him a pure-white Arabian pony worth five thousand dollars. His

father had died recently, and, to the shock of the son and his mother, his estate was found to be insolvent. The boy had to sell the Arabian pony to finance the rest of his education. He wanted the full amount, and had come to Dunhill's in New York City on recommendation of the Duncan Hines office in Ithaca, a regular client of Dunhill's.

Since the market for pure-white five-thousand-dollar Arabian ponies is somewhat limited, Odza suggested the young man try a direct mailing to that year's crop of debutantes. He called Stuart Whitmarsh, publisher of the *Debutante Register*, explained the situation, and got an advance roster of the girls who would be coming out that season. Calling in a make-up man, Odza and the student designed a two-page folder including a photograph of the pony. The list cost the boy twenty dollars, and he departed for Ithaca with Odza's best wishes in this long-shot venture. Two weeks later he was back in town, insisting on taking Odza out to lunch. He produced a check for one thousand dollars, a deposit on the full five-

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thousand-dollar price of the pony, which was subsequently delivered to a Bronxville man as a gift for his daughter.

'I've Got a Little List'

"What else except direct mail," Odza asked with pride, "would have paid off like that for twenty dollars?" This was not, however, the sort of request Odza and the late Ed Dunhill anticipated filling when in 1927 they established the mail-list division of their public-relations firm to supply classifications of names they were unable to purchase from established operators.

It's easy to imagine sources for many of the names in Dunhill's files, but to the uninitiated, compiling an up-to-date record of newlyweds, dog-license holders, new mothers, and all the other constantly changing names that run in the millions appears a task that must require nation-wide teams of researchers, interviewers, and clipping services. Dunhill's, one of a score of list-compiling companies, prepares lists, on gummed labels, of more than 200,000 new mothers in the United States every thirty days.

This and many other changing lists are made possible through the freedom allowed by most states to county clerks, who have received this treasured post in the patronage system and are free to pocket many of the license fees they collect and to give out practically any and all lists as they see fit. Most county clerks do in fact augment their incomes by selling records of births and the like not only to the highest bidder but to as many bidders as they can find.

MORE THAN HALF of the mailing-list business depends on knowing where and how to obtain your lists. They may come from directories, company telephone books, troop-transport rosters, the inquiry mail of other companies—any one of ten thousand sources. "You write in for a special blend of tobacco and that makes you a connoisseur," according to Odza, "fair game for mail-order ties, smoked pheasant, pralines, and Japanese prints."

There is something in this sort of operation that smacks of invasion of privacy, although nobody in the

business seems to remember a suit ever being instigated. Dunhill's recently received a letter from a gentleman who threatened to sue it and any other firm that didn't take him off their mailing lists, explaining testily that he had to hike 250 feet to his mailbox through mud or snowdrifts whenever the flag was up, and that all he ever got for his pains was a lot of junk.

The same day Dunhill's received this threat, which has failed to materialize, a letter came from a lady in Newtonville, Massachusetts, explaining that she was over seventy, unable to get downtown, and lonely, and that she loved to read interesting mail. Would they please put her on some of their mailing lists? Dunhill's complied, and had a special index card made up for her so that her name could be inserted on lists as they were set up. Odza now assumes that she probably gets more mail today than she can read. People who want to get on lists far outnumber those who want to be removed. As many as fifteen or twenty requests a month started to come in to Dunhill's last year, mostly from pregnant mothers, and a check was instituted to find out what had caused the upsurge. It turned out that a number of companies were offering gifts to new mothers, and these women didn't want to be left out of offers that included free thirty-day diaper service, thirty-day supplies of milk, and thirty-day subscriptions to local papers. The names of these women weren't added to Dunhill's lists, the assumption being that they would come upon them through the regular channels anyhow.

Of Diplomats and Willie Sutton

What is a name worth? For a fee of twenty dollars a thousand, a mailing-list speculator might receive any one of the following lists: 1,200 directors of kiddie and amusement parks, 24,500 art lovers, 16,000 blacksmiths, 40,000 diplomats (an assortment from all nations), 1,300 naturopaths, or 2,000,000 brides yearly. Five dollars less per thousand would buy 12,000,000 housewives, both city and country; five dollars more, 3,000 atomic scientists, or 10,000 millionaires (which makes each millionaire worth, by the curious mathematics of the business, just two and one half cents).

Odza is fond of surprising people by telling of the service Dunhill's constantly performs for the FBI, whose agents use their Fifth Avenue office as a favorite reference library of up-to-date and hard-to-find directories. The FBI also buys lists; five and a half years ago, for example, it bought one of all the custom tailors in the United States. Something like 15,000 notices, with pictures, were sent out to these addresses advising them to be on the lookout for a short man with exceptionally broad shoulders who was forced to have all his jackets tailored. The suspect was Willie Sutton, then one of the FBI's most sought-after underworld personalities. In the Brooklyn tailor shop of his father, a college student named Arnold Schuster looked at the poster for weeks, later spotted a man working on his car who fitted the description, and eventually succeeded in persuading the police to arrest the suspect, who turned out to be Sutton. Odza wishes that Dunhill's lists might have somehow aided in solving the subsequent murder of Schuster.

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the fence, the firm receives between thirty and forty inquiries a year from prisoners who are developing businesses that they may continue on the outside. In most of these cases, the prisons will be extremely lenient with the prisoners if their venture is approved, allowing them to send and

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receive many letters above their regular limited number. One Pennsylvania warden, in fact, even advanced funds for the postage and mailing list necessary to launch the mail-order business of one of his charges. Dunhill's has agreed to co-operate with several such prisoners in their future mail-order business and Odza is more than pleased by the part his company may play in their successful return to society.

The Tied-Fly Tycoon

Three years ago, a letter containing fifteen cents arrived at the New York office. It was a request for the names of fifteen fresh-water fishermen to whom the sender could write and advertise fishing flies which she tied herself. She had seen Dunhill's ad in a magazine at her local chamber of commerce; she knew fifteen cents wasn't enough, but she would send the balance due on receipt of the list. Dunhill's complied and, sure enough, the balance was forthcoming—along with a request for another one hundred names. The writer explained she would have to pay for them later, all her capital having gone into materials. A little later another request came in, this time for 250 names, with a check enclosed. Odza investigated and found out that his customer was thirteen years old, that her mother was invalided by tuberculosis, and that her father, formerly an avid sportsman who had taught her how to tie flies, was also handicapped.

When Dunhill's finally got a request for a thousand names from this enterprising miss, accompanied with a glowing letter about how well liked her flies were, Odza could no longer refrain from notifying some newspaper friends about her. She subsequently received national publicity and to this day remains a steady customer of Dunhill's, ordering as many as five thousand names at one time, the sixteen-year-old proprietor of a still-growing business that employs a score of her neighbors' children.

MORE TYPICAL inquiries may include, as they did the other week, a request for ten thousand names for a fund-raising campaign for a boys' camp. Odza suggested Father Flanagan's Boys Town list, but doubted whether he would sell as small a part as ten thousand names.

His questioner asked about the lists used by the camps run by the New York Department of Sanitation and the Police Athletic League. These lists, according to Odza, are difficult to come by; he has tried to get them in the past, but both organizations have refused to release the names. "However," Odza suggested, "you might try last year's muscular dystrophy list. That was a good one."

Perhaps some day these camp lists will be made available, but there are some lists Odza never expects to obtain. The toughest is probably that of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. During President Roosevelt's 1944 campaign, Mrs. Roosevelt asked Dunhill's for a list of the women's club members

so that she could send out a personal message to them. Odza told her of the stone wall that had blocked him in this direction, so Mrs. Roosevelt decided to try herself and placed a call to the president of the Federation in Washington. The First Lady was equally unsuccessful. According to the bylaws, it was even prohibited to release a list of the clubs themselves, although some years later Odza discovered that all such printed and copyrighted material is available for inspection at the Library of Congress.

Dunhill's is extremely proud of its "opinion molders" classification, which includes governors, state legislators, university presidents, and of course the Cabinet and the President. Odza is on this list, just as he is on all his lists, but here it is for more than business reasons. A lifelong Republican, Odza is an "opinion molder" in his own right, and has played interesting roles in the effective use of direct mail for political campaigning both in 1952 and 1956.

Postal Politics

Although his lists are available for Democrats and Republicans alike, Odza's extracurricular assistance to the Republicans is to be expected from a man who proffered the use of his yacht, equipped with loudspeakers and an immense "Vote for Javits" sign, to sail up and down near the crowded waterfront promenades of Queens, Nassau County, and the Bronx during last fall's New York State senatorial campaign. Odza feels that special mailing lists and direct-mail appeals are gradually becoming one of the most important aspects of political campaigns, a relatively economical device that gets across a strong individualized message to various segments of the population. The Republicans have utilized this method more than the Democrats, and not simply because of their greater financial resources. Republican strategy has called for a gradual infiltration of numerous small segments of the population, whereas Democratic policy has concentrated on larger sections—the South, labor unions, and other large groups that can be appealed to effectively, and without too much waste, by carefully placed newspaper ads.

The best examples of the Republican direct-mail approach stem from the 1952 "Citizens for Ike" campaign directed by Walter Williams, with help from advertising and publishing executives. It was decided to blanket the nation with twenty million mailing pieces. A group of influential Catholics had a difficult and insidious problem to solve: It had to devise a mailing form to Catholics that would combat a whispering campaign that was worrying the Republican board of strategy, a rumor that Eisenhower was anti-Catholic. Odza suggested calling upon Gene Tunney to sign an endorsement for Ike and to advise a possible course of action. Tunney, in turn, suggested a call to Bernard Shanley, the New Jersey lawyer who had served as chairman of the Stassen for President Committee. A meeting at the Commodore Hotel in New York was arranged between

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Odza and Shanley, who, it developed, had been on Ike's staff during the Italian campaign. Shanley seemed to recall something about a medal that was awarded to Eisenhower *in absentia* when the American forces liberated Rome in June, 1944. They both felt that such an award would suggest to the American public the complete approval of the general on the part of Italian Catholics, and Odza set about to track down the medal. An Italian count, a friend of Odza's, cabled Rome for confirmation. It soon arrived: Ike had indeed been made a Knight of Malta. More than a hundred thousand letters signed by Tunney and mentioning the award went out to Dunhill's list of Catholics, resulting in a flood of wires and requests for more mailings. Before that particular direct-mail project ran out of money, more than a million of these endorsements had been posted. Incidentally, Shanley is now a secretary to the President.

My Two Cents' Worth

With the 1956 political campaigns out of the way, Odza has returned to the normal routine of his working day. One of his current assignments is the preparation of a mailing list for an Irish publishing house. The order is for a hundred thousand names of Irish-Americans in an income bracket high enough to make them prospects for a fifteen-dollar volume. To ensure a mailing list of people the majority of whom have incomes above $10,000 a year, Dunhill's will cull the requested names from the records of college and university alumni associations.

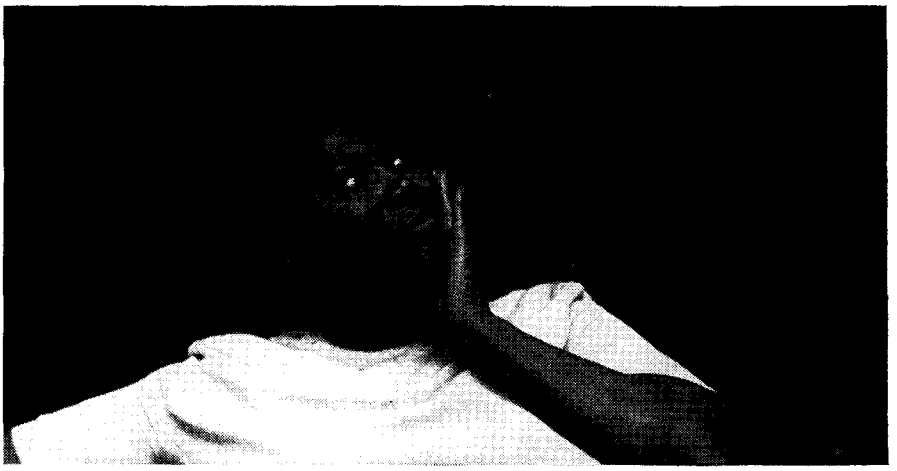
"Are you in an alumni association?" he asked me, and I told him I was. He picked up the list of names that accompanied the request from Ireland and pushed it across the desk to me a second later with his finger opposite my name.

"Does that put me on another sucker list?" I asked.

"Please," Odza answered with a wince. "Don't run yourself down. Why, your material value has increased!"

I did some quick mental arithmetic. "By two cents?" I asked.

"Multiplied by five million," Odza suggested, leaning back and smiling contentedly.



VIEWS & REVIEWS

You Can Still Hear Her Voice When the Music Has Stopped

NAT HENTOFF

MAHALIA JACKSON is a large, impassioned woman of forty-six whose childhood love of singing with the congregation of her Baptist church in New Orleans grew in joy through the years. Today she is the most commanding gospel singer of her generation.

Miss Jackson does most of her singing in and for churches throughout the country. "Child, I've told you," she says frequently, "the foundation of me is a church singer. I ain't trying to be nothing else." She will sing only religious songs, although she will occasionally convert a pseudo-religious popular song like "I Believe" into honesty. She will not sing the blues, although most jazz experts believe she could easily be the most compelling blues singer since Bessie Smith. She recently turned down an offer to do a "religious" show on Broadway. "Religion," she said in an interview, "is too important to fiddle around with. Now that play might be good. I'm not saying it isn't. But I wouldn't feel right singing in a show."

She does, however, occasionally sing in concert halls, and on records, radio, and TV. She sings in auditoriums, often to raise money for a church. She sings for the National Baptist Convention (Negro), and is treasurer of its music department. She enjoyed a great triumph in Europe back in 1952, and so mesmerized a Copenhagen audience that twenty thousand recordings of her "Silent Night" were quickly sold in that city. She has appeared six times at Carnegie Hall and, as is true of almost every Mahalia Jackson concert, all six events were sold out.

The one aspect of her expanding success that Mahalia does not appreciate is what has happened to her in several interviews. "I've come up under this in the last few years since I been coming up to New York—everything has to be *analyzed*. Makes me conscious of what I'm doing."

MISS JACKSON performed at Town Hall in New York this spring as part of a unique "Music for Moderns" series that attempted to present superior jazz and classical musicians in programs based on related themes. She shared the "Variations on a Folk Theme" concert with

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Martial Singher, a talented French stylist in opera and art songs. Singher, who opened the recital, was received with attentive warmth.

Soon after Miss Jackson began, heads began to move, feet to tap, and some members of the audience found themselves clapping without quite realizing that they had started. "Always," commented the New York *Times*, "there was an underlying beat so insistent that it continued through the silences."

There was the beat, but there was also a tidal flow of emotion. For example, she even transformed a song with lyrics of crushing banality: "Help the cripple by the wayside. Help the blind man across the street. Speak kindly to strangers. Speak politely to those you meet."

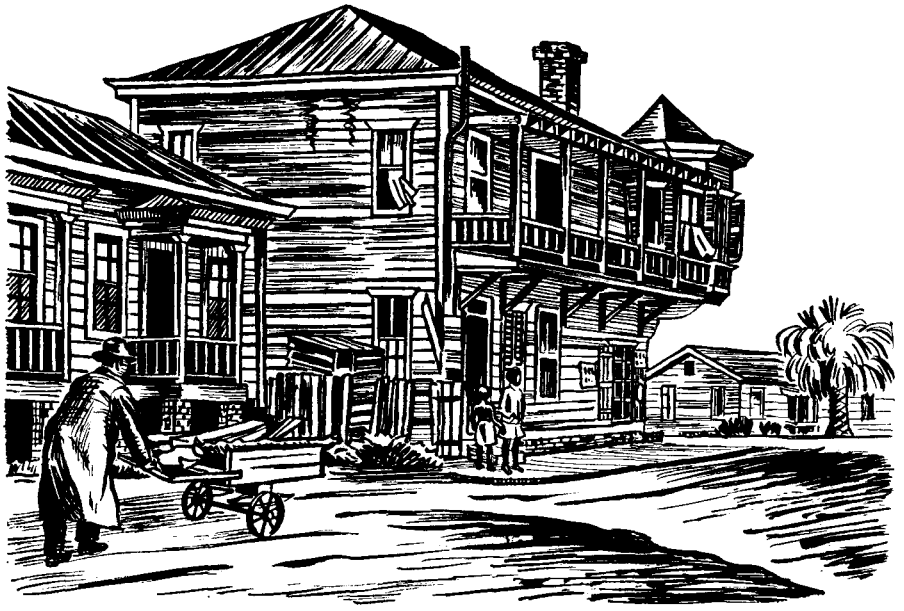
The conviction and strength of her rendition had a strange effect on the secularists present, who were won over to Mahalia if not to her message. Most of them were amazed at the length of time after the concert during which the sound of her voice remained active in the mind.

"That's why I liked the songs the congregations sang down South," Miss Jackson later remarked of this lingering quality of gospel singing. "Not the anthems the choir sang. The anthems were too dead for me, but what the congregation sang had something that made me listen, that made me still hear the sound long after the singers were through. It takes something powerful to stay there like that."

'The Spirit Feel'

Centers of gospel singing include New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago, Atlanta, Houston, Los Angeles, and New York. In almost every city with a sizable Negro population, there are disc-jockey programs specializing in gospel records; and in the South especially, these programs reach increasing numbers of the white people. Gospel recordings, an increasingly lucrative business, appear regularly on such labels as Specialty, Gotham, Savoy, Vee-Jay, and Chess. A gospel hit can sell a quarter of a million copies or even more. Several years ago Mahalia Jackson's "Move on Up a Little Higher" passed the two-million mark, and her "Even Me" went over a million. Both were on the Apollo label.

Gospel singing derives in large part from spirituals and jubilees. Joe Bostic, who promotes Miss Jackson's Carnegie Hall concerts, believes gospel is one idiom removed from the spiritual. According to Bostic, the spiritual, which was created by slaves and dates back to at least the eighteenth century, "told that there was no hope on earth but there would be a home over there in heaven where the streets would flow with honey and everyone would wear a white robe. After the close of the Civil War, the jubilee came. The jubilee tied in with the beginnings of Negro colleges in the South, but mostly it came with the new feeling of freedom. The jubilee was an outburst of the freedom idea into song. It was somewhat less devout—or rather, less sad—than the spiritual. The jubilee still told of life after death but it was joyous, too, about what was here on the way. It added a good deal of comedy and down-to-earth raucousness to the traditional Biblical stories." Bostic feels that gospel singing began to emerge in the early 1930's.



Miss Jackson's perspective is the same but is phrased differently: "We've had gospel songs as far as I can remember, although years ago they used to call it jubilee singing, and the Fisk Jubilee Singers used to go all over the world singing those songs with just a little bounce—not as much bounce as now, though, in gospel singing. Most of the gospel songs came out of our Baptist hymnbook that's published by our National Baptist Convention.

"Now the spiritual and the gospel song are called Negro because the Negro was first to sing them," she added, "but anybody can sing them that feels them. You can be white or colored—so long as you have the spirit feel."

"GOSPEL MUSIC," Bostic explained further, "began to concern itself more than the jubilee had with tonal qualities and music stylings. In content, it was the interpretation of Bible passages—'Come unto Me,' 'Carry the Cross,' 'Trouble in My Way'—and emotionally, it was even more uninhibited than jubilee singing. There was a greater humanization of the Deity. It was as if God walked on the street and you could talk to Him.

"The growth of gospel singing is also connected with the growth of the Church of God in Christ and the various groups in the Holiness churches. Gospel singing blossomed in the Church of God in Christ because it's a music of abandon, and this is a church that bases its being largely on its music rather than on a ritualistic approach.

"Twenty or thirty years ago," Bostic continued, "these were all little store-front operations with mostly illiterate people, but now the Church of God in Christ has from three and a half to five million mem-

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bers. There are intelligent people directing the church, and young people coming in. At one time these churches were not socially acceptable, but they're becoming accepted. And the gospel music has spread to the Baptist churches, though not so much to the Methodist and less to the Presbyterian."

"Why, rock 'n' roll was stolen from the Holiness people and the Church of God in Christ!" Miss Jackson exclaimed. "They're more emotional than the Baptists and the Methodists. The Holiness people sing strictly like they feel—on the beat, off the beat, between the beat."

Miss Jackson paused. "Now, about the more bounce in gospel singing in recent years," she said with a faint smile. "I think I'm the cause of a lot of that bounce. I felt it. When I came out of New Orleans to Chicago when I was sixteen, I went to a Baptist choir rehearsal. They asked me to try a solo, and I sang 'Hand Me Down My Silver Trumpet, Gabriel.' I sang it with expression and people liked it. It was a song I'd heard the people in the church sing—any little child and any old person at church on Sunday would sing it. And what helped me to come up this far is nothing but the songs I've heard the congregations sing down South. And always I've sung what I feel as I feel it."

'God Is That Wide, That Broad'

The Town Hall program noted: "Miss Jackson will choose selections from her repertoire on the spur of the moment."

She leaned back and gave a side glance to the TV set in her hotel room. "I'm a person that doesn't like to arrange a program. A lot of times I change my program because I change my feeling. And I don't sing the same song the same way twice. There's something the public reaches into me for, and there seems to be something in each audience that I can feel. I can feel whether there's a low spirit. Some places I go, up-tempo songs don't go, and other places, sad songs aren't right."

Miss Jackson is not entirely happy about her current record association with Columbia. "One thing I'll say about Columbia," she conceded, "is that they put me in a new field. They got me on TV and they paid me well. The only thing they haven't been too particular about is my songs. I like to sing the songs I feel. They got ideas of what's commercial. Some of the songs they pick for me I don't understand, and those I couldn't put myself into. At least at Apollo I picked what I wanted.

"But there's one recent Columbia record I made," she said, nodding firmly, "that's made the disc jockeys say 'There's Mahalia again.' It's 'God Is So Good to Me.' They didn't want to make that. I just begged them. The song was so much of my life. I thank God who brought me from down in Louisiana to the present day. I forgot I was in the studio making it when I sang. And as for albums, there's more original Mahalia in 'Bless This House' than the other albums I made for Columbia."

She spoke of her pain at what has been happening to gospel singing as the potential market has increased. "Some of it is getting into the hands of hustlers. They're meeting a lot of weak-minded gospel singers and trying to make gospel singing 'entertaining.' Gospel singing is bigger than entertainment. It does something for the soul. But some of these record companies are trying to make gospel singing a competitor of rock

'n' roll. They're putting all kinds of peculiar drums behind the singers and making it sound half jazz. It *isn't*.

"Gospel singing doesn't need artificial, unnecessary, phony sounds. Gospel singing *is* commercial but in its own right way. If man can till the earth to bring up vegetables and sell them and live off that, it's all right. If man can make gospel records and sell them, that's all right. But the records should be real gospel singing, and real gospel singing is uplifting. I don't care if he's a gambler, a thief, or a murderer, man has to have something to look up to. I do believe gospel singing can be commercial and uplifting at the same time. God is that wide, that broad. He supplies all our needs."

'I Wasn't For Sale'

Miss Jackson's experience with the less spiritual aspects of the music business is not new. She recalls, with a bitterness that is rare in her, the time a few years ago when she sang at a convention of the Music Operators of America—a juke-box conclave.

"None of the big wheels had heard about me. Nobody didn't want to present me. I could see them passing the buck. When the time came to call me, I could see they were shoo-shooing and getting their heads together. They didn't know what to do with a gospel singer. This big man that's head of the convention finally said: 'Now, friends, we have a lady who is going to sing for us. We don't know what kind of song or what she sings.'

"That was a hurting way to introduce an artist. I looked at him. It hurt my pride so bad. After I saw that others there were hurt for me, I tried to smile. They were all drinking. Half of them were half drunk and didn't hear when he said what I was nohow. I got on up to sing and I sang out of my soul. I wanted them to know that if they didn't believe in me, *I* believed in what I was singing.

"I sang 'I Believe.' You could hear a pin drop. All them big money hounds, cutthroats, and meat sellers were falling on their faces running after me to get me. The same man who introduced me offered me ten thousand dollars a week if I'd sing at a night club in New York. I wanted him to know I sang out of love and that I wasn't for sale and my songs weren't for sale. I turned him down. Every year after that, that same man said it was a joy for him to present me. He just didn't know me. And," she added, "a lot of folks don't know."

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Sukiyaki On the Kona Coast

MAY SARTON

THE SINGLE IMAGE that will best bring back for me the peculiar pleasure of that evening on the Kona coast of the island of Hawaii is an incongruous one—my friend and I trying to climb the wall of a room empty except for us and the lizards we were trying to catch. They gathered round the horizontal light fixture over a great window that might have been plate glass but was actually open onto the Pacific Ocean, and thus we could get leverage on the lintel, placing one foot on the sill. Of course we were trying to capture lightning, as elusive as thought itself.

In the end it was we, hanging precariously there, who were caught by our polite Japanese host, who did not betray the slightest surprise to see two middle-aged *haoles*, or mainlanders, in this undignified position. He was bringing us coffee, the final ingredient of a remarkable dinner. We got down rather sheepishly and tried to be properly serious, for we had been in the middle of a conversation with him.

Window onto Paradise

Outside we could hear the incessant lapse and fall of the ocean breaking over the reef. Two dilapidated palms were outlined against a sky that was just turning black after a long cloudless red-gold sunset. Every now and then a bard dove gave its plaintive, flutelike trill. Every now and then the palms clattered like paper in the breeze.

We were on the largest of those extinct volcanoes which sit in the middle of the Pacific, the result of quite recent explosions as geologic time goes, and which still pant now and then like whales troubled in sleep, and tremble; and as late as 1955 saw rivers of burning lava run ravaging down to the sea. We had that day walked in forests of huge tree ferns and we had crossed frozen stretches of lava. This sterile substance was the foundation under all we had seen; no single plant, no tree, no bird but had been brought here from somewhere else, far away, the coconuts floated two thousand miles or more, the seed of a flower carried in a bird's craw.

These islands, as they slowly greened over, had attracted human migrants in waves, first the Polynesians bringing taro, dogs, bananas in their canoes and setting up the primitive principalities and powers of what eventually became Hawaiian royalty; the whalers, the sandalwood merchants, the missionaries, the sugar planters and ranchers, the Chinese and Japanese traders and laborers, and finally the tourists. We were among the last to come, and we would not be staying long. But on this evening we felt the enchantment and the peril of living on the island volcano, born in fire, flowering, and slowly dying in an illimitable relentless blue of sea and sky.

An hour before, we had been sitting in the cocktail bar of one of the big hotels, looking out on a swimming pool and at two soft white American men playing shuffleboard. The hotels might be ocean liners, their verandas decks. The same people—or people who seemed interchangeable—inhabited them season after season, changing as little as the sea urchins, purple, white, and black, we had found that morning in a sea pool, making a sort of hotel out of a piece of hole-indented lava. We looked back across the half mile we had just traveled and it seemed a continent away.

Sukiyaki by Appointment Only

It had happened by the merest chance. Driving along the coast that morning, looking for a place to swim, we had noticed a faded sign announcing sukiyaki dinners by appointment, and pointing down a rough dirt road in the middle of dense kiawe brush. On impulse we turned in, bumping and bumped along till we came to a rough clearing, where we saw a new Ford and a couple of sleeping mongrel dogs. The ocean was hidden by a series of one-story wooden buildings, more like shacks, somehow welded together. A few papaya trees, banana plants, and coconut palms stood about casually among piles of rubbish and the creeping lantana that flows out over every waste place unless the morning-glories have already taken over. There was no sign of anything resembling a restaurant, and no human being appeared when we slammed the car door and walked gingerly past one of the dogs who woke up to growl.

We had to shout "is anybody home?" a couple of times before a middle-aged Japanese woman came to the door, but she was evidently at a loss in English. She called back into the recesses of the house and finally a young man with black hair standing straight up on his head came out. Yes, they could serve us a dinner at seven that evening, he said, but with such a dead-pan expression that it was impossible to guess whether ours was an exceptional visitation or the routine thing.

At seven that evening we drove back in the fading light, wondering what we had got ourselves in for. This time we were greeted by an older boy, perhaps twenty, in an immaculate pair of khaki pants and bright-flowered Hawaiian shirt. He

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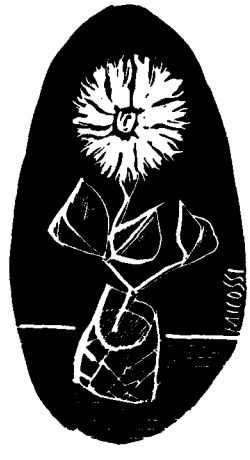
led us down a passage and around a corner, up some rickety steps, and finally into a bare room, furnished simply with two straight chairs and a table. One wall was open air, looking out over the ocean, the sunset, and in the immediate foreground a large cement platform smoothed down over piles of lava rubble, standing out to sea like a wharf. The table was set with three bowls at each place, napkins, chopsticks, a bottle of soy sauce. That was all.

The Creation of a Restaurant

In this atmosphere, plain to the point of poverty, restful by its very absence of decoration, we stood in the paneless window feeling the soft evening air on our faces, and talked with our host's son, for so he told us he was, introducing his father proudly as a son should, treating him like a great actor who would not, of course, appear in the first few moments: "My father is the chef." As the boy looked out onto the stark landscape of cement and lava he was obviously visualizing a scene that was vivid in his imagination. The building of the platform, he informed us, represented the first arduous step toward the creation of a real restaurant here. "And when I get out of the Army," he said, "we'll be able to go ahead."

The slim line of his body enhanced by bare feet, his relaxed posture against the lintel, his flowered shirt, and his easy grace in talking to strangers seemed far from the usual image of a G.I., but these islanders are remarkable for their social ease and personal dignity. He told us that he was home on furlough after a "terrible" winter in Maine. "I thought I would die of the cold, forty below once."



He had paid for the flight home rather than hang around bumming free rides, for that would have taken nearly a week. Now the precious month was nearly gone; in a few days he would have to go back to the mainland and ship out to Japan. The Army was making a cosmopolitan of him (how casually he could speak of New York!), but it had given him also, clearly, a renewed sense of loyalty to his family and of love for this island. "I could not live anywhere else." I asked if he had relatives in Japan. "A few cousins perhaps, no one close."

He seemed curiously uneager for this experience ahead, one for which I myself envied him. His mother, he told us, though born in Honolulu like his father, had gone back to the home country as a child and thus, he explained, had learned no English, could neither read nor write. His younger brother wanted to be a teacher and perhaps would go to the mainland to study—but they all wanted to stay here, and were involved in life on the island, each in his own way. "I have a little sister, too, seven years old," he said checking a smile, suddenly shy, as if she were a rather particular joy, one perhaps not to be shared. He was an entrepreneur, a man of big dreams who would see that they were realized. He was, one might say, the motive power of the family, and his father was the artist, the man of skills.

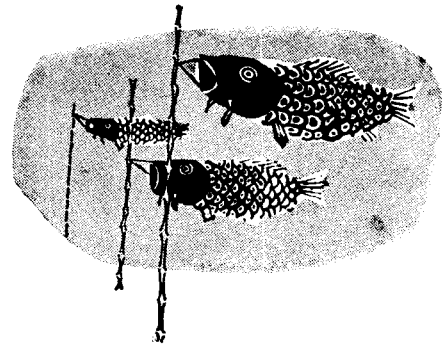
The Chef Appears

"My father will come soon," he announced, as if he sensed that the moment had arrived for the star's entrance onto the stage. As a matter of fact, the bare room was rather like a stage, and our host now stepped onto it with a distinct flourish. He wore a chef's round white cap, and bore in his hands the small stove and utensils for making sukiyaki; he was followed at a discreet distance by his wife, who carried various bowls of ingredients. He greeted us with a smile of authority and graciousness and bade us take our places.

The G.I. son now made a discreet withdrawal, to reappear with a series of dishes which he placed before us. There was a plate of what looked like rather uninteresting noodles but turned out to be a delicious crab-and-noodle salad; our delight was such that our host asked if he might taste it himself. "For that is my wife's doing," he said, "and I myself do not know what she has made for you."

There was a long boat-shaped dish upon which lay dark pink oval slices of raw fish in a basket of shredded green leaves, a delicacy new to me. There was a plate of cucumber salad, and the inevitable bowl of soy sauce with white radish sliced into it. We sat down to this feast, not concealing our pleasure, while our host stood at the end of the table, smiling upon us like a beneficent god.

He had a lean dried-out brown face, thin iron-strong arms that showed below a short-sleeved cotton shirt, and kind shrewd eyes. Evidently he regarded the serving of a meal as



a performance and our appreciation of it as an accolade.

While we ate he talked, introducing the next scene of this meal that was also a play with a deprecatory description of his fishing that morning. "I got only two small Kona crabs," he said, "but if you would like them . . ." Two crabs appeared on the table as if he had clapped his hands. They were pink and white, about five inches across; we picked them up to admire them and he came over to show us just how to cut them open. They tasted fresh and clear as the day itself. Meanwhile his wife had appeared shyly in the doorway and murmured something in Japanese.

"PERHAPS you would like to taste some of my wife's abalone soup as well?"

Indeed we would. Two bowls of soup were added to the congregation

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of dishes already on the table. Every now and then the little girl, with very bright eyes, made a brief appearance in the doorway, but vanished if one of us noticed her there. Every now and then my friend and I exchanged a look of delight, of complicity, in the occasion. Meanwhile the preparations for sukiyaki were going gravely forward at the other end of the table.

"Yes," our host told us proudly, "this is island beef. You will find it very tasty." He lifted the veined red slivers into the sauce, one by one, and added mushrooms and scallions like an alchemist. A delicious fume began to rise from the pan. He looked up with a smile, enjoying our anticipation.

"We usually serve twenty people here in an evening," he said casually. "Clubs make a reservation and often we put the stoves on each table, and let the customers be their own cooks."

"They must be good at it," I ventured.

"They think they are." He smiled the smile of the professional, and moved the various ingredients in the pan deftly around. A big bowl of rice was laid on the table. The great moment, the climax of the play, was drawing near. But we had not as yet mentioned anything to drink. Now that we had established ourselves as connoisseurs (at least my friend could do so, for she has lived in the East and uses chopsticks with agility), we felt we might. Tea, perhaps?

A Dream at Evening

"I thought you might like a little warm sake," he said happily, as if we had picked up the right cue. "I am not supposed to serve liquor, but never mind." And soon the small cups appeared and a pot of the slightly bittersweet drink.

"But you must hold out your cup to me," he told us, realizing that our pouring out for ourselves was a lapse in manners we would not have wished to make had we known better. He filled the cups solemnly, and we drank.

The slight tension of preparing the sukiyaki over, our host visibly relaxed while we ate it. "When my boy comes out of the Army we shall get started here, have a real restaurant. You must come back then, when we have twenty tables outside, and an orchestra."

The sun had gone down while we talked, and we looked out into the darkness where the dream grew big. But we did not say how glad we were to be here before it came true and our private play turned into a public performance.

"May I take a little bowl of sukiyaki to my daughter?" he asked when

he saw that there was far more than we could eat. "She is very fond of it before she goes to bed."

He came back and we talked of the big issue in the air—statehood for the Territory—about to come up again before Congress.

"Twenty years ago, it must have been, when Roosevelt was President, we voted on this question, 'Yes' or 'No.' And everyone voted 'Yes.' A long time," he said.

There had been the war, of course, when the Nisei from these islands volunteered by the hundreds for the Army, and proved once and for all where they stood. They were too large a minority, too closely interwoven with the island economy, to be persecuted, as our Nisei on the mainland had been persecuted after Pearl Harbor. Here the war had left no such scars. It had consolidated all the races on the islands as Hawaiians.

And now that the Territory had gone Democratic in the 1954 elections, the Japanese were beginning to come into political power. We thought of these things as we sat talking to this man so fully master of his family and of his fate, so confident of his future, "when my boy comes out of the Army."

The moment of silence had arrived that follows on any really good meal, the silence that is the final applause. We took out cigarettes.

"Tea? Coffee?" he asked.

I longed for a cup of coffee but hesitated; it was hardly in the tradition. But fortunately we did ask for coffee, for our host beamed.

"People like my coffee," he said modestly. It was truly his, for he told us he had grown it himself.

I looked at the thin man standing so proudly before us, smiling, and realized that although he worked in a hotel all day, he also managed to find time to catch the fish and crabs we had just eaten, and to pick, roast, and grind the coffee we were about to taste, as well as to cook meals for twenty of an evening and to rear a loyal family.

Our host went out to brew the coffee, and for the first time we noticed the lizards on the wall. The lights had come on, and the lizards had come to bask in the warmth of their artificial sun, immobile until a shadow came near, then moved lightning-swift, impossible to catch.

"Geckos," our host said when he came back and found us spread-eagled on the wall. "But you'll never catch one!"

We felt like children who have been given a party and now are behaving a bit rowdily at the end. We sat down chastened to taste the home-grown coffee, and found it excellent.

"But how do you find time?" we asked.

"My wife helps," he said, "and the children, when there is nothing else to do." He managed to get enough out of his few acres to take care of all his customers and have plenty to spare.

When we returned to our hotel room with its balcony that looked out over the reefs and reverberated each time one of the big combers rolled up and broke in a loud peal of thunder, we felt loath to turn in on the *House Beautiful* studio couches, with a big modern lamp standing between them. We sat on the balcony for a long time, watching the combers, lit up by a spotlight from the hotel garden, rise in a marvelous curve, fall, and break into foam.

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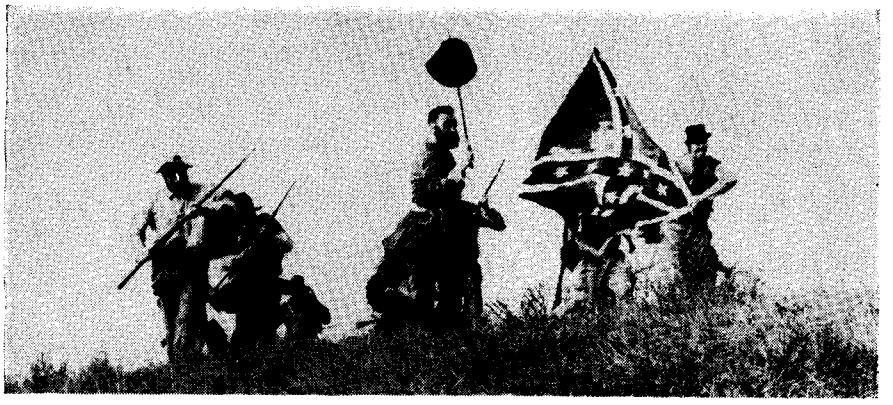

The Summer Soldiers Of John R. McDermott

GERALD WEALES

On March 31 of this year, a quiet, comforting note sounded softly against the strident financial noisiness of regular television activity. *Pickett's Charge,* originally conceived as a home movie, made its professional debut on *Odyssey* over CBS that Sunday afternoon. In a time when making spot advertisements has become a complicated and expensive process, when a third of a million dollars can be dropped on a fiasco like the Spectacular *Mayerling*, when quality is likely to be equated with the size of a budget, it is comforting to know that television can still open its channels to a film produced for less than two thousand dollars.

The producer of *Pickett's Charge*, John R. McDermott, is a commercial artist who lives with his wife, two children, and six cats in South Salem, New York. His decision to make a film about the Civil War that avoided what he calls "the idiot magnolia tradition" was the result of the convergence of three interests. One is a concern for the history of the Civil War itself that was provoked by Bruce Catton and his (as McDermott puts it, using the term as one of approbation) "jazzed-up" accounts of the war. The second is a fondness for cinematography that has grown since some past experiments with 8-mm. film. (Prior to *Pickett's Charge,* McDermott had made two 16-mm. sound films—*Dawn Patrol,* a parody of First World War aviation, in which he mixed the Richard Barthelmess *Dawn Patrol* with *Lilac Time* and touches of *Journey's End,* and a satire on war correspondents.) The third influence is his preoccupation with the ordinary man at war.

The Very Real Business of War

Having grown up on a diet of sentimental war movies, McDermott was completely unprepared, he says, for the actual brutality and horror that struck him when he first saw a real battle. The things that he learned as a Marine combat artist on Okinawa mark *Pickett's Charge* throughout. From its opening, when the Confederate soldiers on whom it focuses are waiting for the action that is to come, there is an attempt to capture the desultory conversation—the mixture of cynicism, homesickness, undirected bitching, petty needling, rumor, and distrust of everyone above the rank of sergeant—that characterizes any relaxed moment of any war. From the unreal business of living at war, where no soldier can see any design larger than the shadow cast by his relationship with the man on his right and the man on his left, the film moves to the charge on Cemetery Ridge and to the very real business of dying at war, which is dirty, brutal, and bloody, too often disguised by rhetoric and martial music. This view of soldiering turned up in McDermott's earlier movies, too, but only by implication and not with the direct impact that he hoped to get in *Pickett's Charge.* The things that McDermott was saying with a smile in the earlier films were things he wanted now to say in earnest, and his Catton-inspired attraction to the Civil War suggested that he might say it in terms of that war.

Dedication to an idea does not necessarily imply long-faced preoccupation with a cause. In listening to McDermott and Tom Shoemaker, another commercial artist and one of the leading actors in the film as well as chief recruiter of actors, reminisce about the shooting of the movie—for all the world like two veterans of Gettysburg at a reunion—I realized the amount of fun that went into the filming. For nine Saturdays, from June to October, 1955, McDermott and his wife, Ruth, loaded their station wagon with uniforms, rifles, props, camera equipment, recording equipment, beer, and bologna sandwiches and hurried off to a rallying point, usually fellow actor Euclid Shook's place near Weston, Connecticut. There the volunteering actors, sometimes as many as twenty-three, sometimes as few as nine, met to proceed to the day's shooting site, where they worked, sweated, played, drank, ate, rested, and improvised from morning until evening, getting the story of *Pickett's Charge,* sequence by sequence, onto film. The summer of 1955 was hot, as anyone involved in the operation will testify. "It was so hot some days," Shoemaker says in the Kentucky drawl that helped give the sound track validity, "that I damn near got sunstroke."

The film, of course, did not begin with the filming. It was about a year from the inception of the idea until the film was cut and ready for a first showing in February, 1956. McDermott spent his spare time in the spring of 1955 researching and preparing the script. A growing library of Civil War literature joined Catton's books on his shelves and he spent days at West Point, reading

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the unit reports of action at Gettysburg. Although his characters were to be fictitious, McDermott intended that they should be authentically dressed, that they should be attached to the correct regiments, that they should approach Cemetery Ridge across the right terrain (to find the rolling hills of Pennsylvania in wooded and enclosed Westchester and Fairfield Counties was a difficult assignment), and that they should speak the language of the mid-nineteenth-century-American South and not that of Dogpatch.

Face Down in Shook's Mudhole

Since the film was made on bits and pieces of land across two counties in two states, McDermott depended on shots from below, with the troops seen against the sky, to cover the fact that the terrain was changing. Much of the film was shot in Euclid Shook's big back yard, where the powder charges for some scenes could be planted and where a big, muddy pond provided a watery prop for the shot of a body half submerged. The cheerfulness with which one of the actors lay face down in Shook's mudhole for that shot is indicative of what the men involved were willing to do to help make the film a success.

Not that the loyalty of the volunteers did not waver, of course. A small group stuck doggedly to the project from beginning to end, particularly those who had the best roles and those whose enthusiasm for the Civil War matched McDermott's. Others came, drawn by the novelty of taking part in a film, but as the weeks passed and the filming became more work than play, the cast began to dwindle. Some had legitimate demands on their Saturdays, some had planned vacations away from Fairfield County, many gave in to the complaints of wives who did not quite approve of losing their husbands every Saturday. Sometimes the waverers were held in line with hopes of fatter parts. If a man began to get restless, Shoemaker, the Westport amateur actors' agent, reported to McDermott that troupe morale was low, and McDermott managed to find a few extra lines to entice the uncertain to come back for still another Saturday's endeavor. Toward the end of the summer, Shoemaker and another Westport artist began making raids on the University of Connecticut, bringing back fresh young blood to give size and vitality to the battle scenes. In all, about forty men appeared in *Pickett's Charge*, and McDermott is willing to give them testimonials. They may have weakened and missed Saturdays and they may have preferred that shooting begin at ten instead of six-thirty A.M., but on the days they took part they were willing to go through maneuvers that would make a professional actor stop and contemplate his pay check.

Syd Greenberg

The director-producer prepares his Bolex for camerawoman—his wife.

Although actors were scarce, props were scarcer. The original choice of the Confederates as protagonists stemmed from the knowledge that, unlike the Yankees, the Southerners did not have uniforms—except for the officers, who provided their own. McDermott bought some gray work clothes and ran them several times through a washing machine, bleaching and aging them. Then, after they were suitably dirtied, he sprayed them to give them that sealed-in decrepit look that must have marked the clothes the real Confederate soldiers wore on their march from Virginia to Pennsylvania. The Yankees' blue coats were made from ordinary blue work coats; the hats, Confederate and Union, were artificially aged after they had first been bought in a Times Square novelty shop; the two battle flags were made to order by McDermott's mother. McDermott bought a number of Civil War rifles, only one of which was in working order. In the advance of the Confederate troops, the line was continually stopped and started, so that the man nearest the close-up camera always carried the good rifle, the real canteen, and the bogus powder case made out of a lady's handbag.

THERE WAS an accidental air about the whole enterprise, a maneuverability that allowed the script to serve as a general guide instead of a fixed rule. Much in the filming suggests Hollywood in its infancy, when each day's shooting depended on the

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available space and actors and the chance appearance of the unusual and the unexpected. McDermott tried to take advantage of the sudden and the fortuitous. One morning, driving to meet the rest of the company, he and his wife, struck by the rightness of a decaying barn in the early light, stopped the station wagon and got a scene on film.

A more extended example of on-the-lot learning is the story of the drummer boy. Michael Grubb, who played the role, one of the most loyal of the actors, could not keep his hands off the rifles. The script called for him to carry a drum only, but at every rest he snatched up a gun and played with it until he was sent to some more practical duty, such as filling the packs with newspapers to give them substance. McDermott decided that if the boy actor was so attracted to a rifle in 1955, his drumming counterpart would have been just as eager for one in 1863. He wrote into the film a sequence in which the drummer asks the harried sergeant when he is going to get his rifle. During the charge, he picks one up from a dead soldier and charges off the screen, only to be thrown back on it from the impact of a Yankee bullet.

Peter Von Schmidt

The mechanics of the drummer's death scene indicate how some of the effects in the film were obtained. When Grubb ran out of camera range, he ran into the waiting arms of Howard Munce, the advertising director who played the sergeant, and Munce picked him up and threw him back in front of the camera. On the screen, the drummer comes down heavily and then lies very still in death. Actually, the boy fell so forcefully that the wind was knocked out of him. He was tempted to cry, McDermott says, but he had been one of the men for so long, had been so pleased at having a part in an adult male activity like this mock war, that he tried to control himself. Ruth McDermott, the only woman on the spot, started to go toward him, but she hesitated. It was one of the men who threw an arm around the boy's shoulder and helped him shake himself back to normal. A slightly quivering chin was as close as he came to tears.

The Point of a Bayonet

One of the scenes that came across best on television, the scene in which a frightened soldier tries to talk the sergeant into letting him go to the rear, certainly owes its effectiveness to the same kind of shock and surprise. After some breathless pleading by the young soldier, the sergeant slaps him and pushes him back into line. The young man who was playing the coward, an amiable sort, was not told that Munce was really going to slap him. The slap came with such force that the young man dropped his rifle and staggered back. Munce caught him and tossed him back into line. He then picked up the rifle and, like a snotty lieutenant on rifle inspection, threw it sharply, almost angrily, to the young man, whose hands came up to catch it in a gesture of self-protection. The puzzled and hurt look on the face of the young soldier, so impressive on the television screen, was quite genuine.

There were instances, too, of actors willingly undergoing unusual efforts to give the film the desired quality. In one critical scene, the captain's voice sounds tense and strained to fit the situation. The strain was real. Tom Armstrong, the artist-writer who played the role, had hung by his hands to a rope tied to a tree until he could hang no more; when he dropped to the ground, the tape recorder was moved in and he read the speech with the exhaustion still in his voice.

There was a good deal of plain physical effort on the part of all the actors, most of whom had to race around like boys in their teens. Before the shooting was done, they began to realize that men in their thirties and forties, whose chief exercise is at the drawing board, are getting on toward middle age.

Also, in the battle scenes, there was the risk of real accidents. Since the group was amateur, no one thought of insurance at all; in fact, at the beginning no one thought of accidents. One day, however, the point of a bayonet came close to an actor's eye and the real bayonets were quickly replaced with balsa-wood substitutes. There were a couple of other minor accidents—a split lip and an eye momentarily touched by one of the powder charges. It was not until the film was finished and shown, however, that the participants realized that they had been very lucky. The rough-and-tumble realism of the battle scenes could have wrought havoc among the fighters, but they were probably saved by their own unconsciousness of danger.

THE FILM was finally finished, cut, and ready to be shown in early 1956. Its initial audiences were those who had acted in it and their families and friends. Its whispered reputation began to grow, however, and it was soon brought to New York for private showings at which professional and trade people were invited. The reaction at the showings was enthusiastic. McDermott's original idea was to stick to his belief that *Pickett's Charge* was a private movie, but eventually he too was

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involved in the excitement of the limited audiences and caught with the twin lures of having his work seen by a great many people and of recouping the money that had gone into its making. At this point, he agreed that it should go to *Odyssey*.

In the transfer from one living room to a nation of living rooms, the film lost many of the qualities that had made it attractive enough to catch *Odyssey's* attention in the first place. It lost, first, its color, and in black and white some scenes were murky and vague where they were intended to evoke a mood. It lost its original realistic sound track in which the soldiers of the 1st Virginia Regiment were as casually obscene as the Marine units McDermott had known in World War II; the doctored sound track was a bad mixture of his original outdoor recording and the additions that were marked with the reverberations of the rooms in which they were taped. The result was a loss of clarity that unhappily affected the ease with which the continuity of the film could be followed.

Peter Von Schmidt

FOR ALL the technical defects, however, *Pickett's Charge* managed to convey much of the immediacy of the battle and its meaning to the ordinary foot soldier. When I visited McDermott a few days after the telecast, the gloom that had hung perceptibly over South Salem and Westport was broken by indications that what the film had tried to do had communicated itself to a few viewers. A San Francisco critic (the New York reviewers were preoccupied with Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Cinderella*) said that the soldiers were so vividly presented that he could almost smell the corn liquor and a man in New Jersey wrote to say that it had reminded him of the on-the-spot radio pickups that were broadcast during the Korean War.

That was McDermott's intention. The film hoped to show Pickett's charge as it might have been seen by combat cameramen. In a way, McDermott's idea was distorted by the frame that *Odyssey* built around his film, a twenty-minute introduction that showed Charles Collingwood surrounded by gravestones at Gettysburg and statues of Lee and Longstreet discussing battle tactics. The producers of *Odyssey* would have been wiser if they had presented the film with a few remarks on how it had come to be made. There, after all, is the story—how a man could care enough about making an honest movie about Pickett's charge to stand the expenditure of spirit, energy, and cash that the filming involved, and how he could find a hard core of fellow enthusiasts who would hold the operation together for a summer of Saturdays.

From Minor to Major League

By putting his movie on television, as McDermott cheerfully admits, he was entering it in a league in which it did not belong. He is understandably proud of the honesty with which his soldiers are depicted, but technically his film is not a professional job. The $300 Bolex cameras he used are no match for more expensive equipment. His ordinary home tape recorders are so rough in comparison to the cheapest professional sound equipment that *Pickett's Charge*, as he says, "only hangs by its fingertips to being a sound picture." From all accounts, his use of recording in which there is no attempt to relate the speaker with the image—an idea he got from filming and recording his children's birthday parties—gives in the original film an acceptable impression of the cross conversation of a bivouac, but the subtlety of such an approach was largely lost on television. "It's like taking your paintings down to Times Square to show them to the passing crowd," was McDermott's comment. His initial reaction to the complications of dealing with a major television network was to retreat quietly to his drawing board.

Perhaps it is the passage of time, perhaps the fact that *Pickett's Charge* was shown again on *Odyssey* on May 26; whatever the cause, movie ideas are once again bubbling in South Salem. It is to be a Revolutionary War film this time. Lexington-Concord is his most likely choice of subject, McDermott says, but he hasn't really decided. There is now a possibility that McDermott and CBS will reach an agreement by which the amateur would become a professional. McDermott has his doubts that a satisfactory arrangement can be worked out—one that would let him continue to make his kind of film. One thing is certain: If McDermott and CBS do agree, the director will have to worry about budgets, contracts, personnel relations, and all the other headaches of the professional moviemaker—and filming the Battle of Lexington-Concord will not be nearly so much fun as the making of *Pickett's Charge*.

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The Tragedy Ends On a Small Island

NATHANIEL PEFFER

SOVIET RUSSIA IN CHINA: A SUMMING-UP AT SEVENTY, by Chiang Kai-shek. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $5.*

Defeated, frustrated, surviving only behind the shelter of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, Chiang Kai-shek is nevertheless one of the men who have given form to contemporary Asia. Only Gandhi and Nehru can be classed with him, but they have been successful, while Chiang is a tragic failure without any real hope of recovering his lost grandeur.

He calls this volume "a summing-up at seventy," but it is hardly that. It is neither autobiography nor memoir. There are few or no reflections on the nature of Chinese society or politics except to prove—doubtfully—a polemical point in his own favor. There are few judgments on the important men of his time except for some bitter epithets against those who opposed him, especially Communists. It is selective history, history amended or emended—and some of it is fantasy.

THERE IS one theme, one thesis. Whatever has happened in China in the last few decades is Russia's doing and Russia's fault—Russia working through Chinese Communists, Communist liberals, Chinese political moderates, the Chinese intelligentsia, and all Americans who did not think that Chiang was always right. (These Americans, incidentally, were all Communists or fellow travelers, according to Chiang, and somehow had enough power to force the American government to do their bidding.) Thus Chiang includes the Democratic League in China, a coalition of small moderate parties that opposed civil war and advocated truly representative government, among Russia's puppets as a front organization for the Communists—a description that will startle General Marshall and other American officials who dealt with these Chinese parties from 1945 to 1947.

True, he does say in his conclusion, "I cannot disclaim responsibility for the loss of the mainland," but the soft impeachment to which he cries *mea culpa* is that he was too mild and too democratic. His policy toward the Communists "remained one of suppression short of annihilation" in the hope they would mend their ways and because "the government felt its hands were tied by democratic institutions." Readers who were in China at the time will gasp in amazement at this.

No desire to annihilate? What of the five large-scale offensives before 1936 designed, although only partly successful, to wipe out the Communist forces? And one will remember, too, the bloody purge of 1927 in Shanghai, when in a few days many thousands were killed because they were Communists or were suspected of being, including youngsters of high-school age. And where were the democratic restraints in 1946, when two nonpolitical professors were assassinated for declaring their opposition to civil war and several others escaped assassination only by finding asylum in the American consulate in Kunming? When universities all over the country were being raided by police or troops and students simply disappeared, never to be heard of again?

Perhaps it could be argued now that more punitive measures should have been taken and even more systematic terror applied to prevent the greater evil of Communism, but to deny that there was a good deal of terrorism and to cite democracy and the rule of law as crippling restraints is fantastic to anybody who watched the proceedings in China.

The People Decided

It cannot be denied that the Chinese Communists (the Chinese more than the Russians, as a matter of fact) did everything they could to frustrate, undermine, and overthrow the Nationalist government. It cannot be denied that their long agitation for war against Japan was motivated largely by the hope of spreading their power under the guise of fighting a patriotic war—which is just what they did when the war came. Nor can it be denied that during the protracted negotiations for compromise and conciliation after the Japanese surrender the Communists repeatedly broke faith. But so did the Nationalists. Both broke faith because neither trusted the other (or had any reason to do so), and both preferred war to a peaceful solution.

And thus the civil war came—and ultimate Communist victory—but for this Chiang Kai-shek and his associates were no less guilty than the Communists. Possibly the most judicial view of Chiang's argument is to be found in the action of the Chinese people. They did little to help the Communists, and they did even less to help Chiang and his followers. The one side was bent on winning absolute supremacy at any cost in human suffering and then imposing totalitarian rule. The other side was bent on preserving power and the fruits of power. Both spoke glibly of democracy, but the word was a mockery in the mouths of both. For the Chinese people there was no prospect of democratic rule no matter which won.

CHIANG makes much of the *San Min Chu-I,* the People's Three Principles laid down by Sun Yat-sen as the design for the future of the country, a sophomoric document but one that did stipulate democracy and human welfare as the basis for a new China. What effort was made to give effect to those principles after 1928, when Chiang came to power? Says Chiang: "The aim of our National Revolution was to build up China as a democratic nation . . . we firmly believe that only democracy and government by law can give us the necessary strength to defeat Communist totalitarianism." No doubt, as events proved. But why, then, in all the years the Nationalist government was in power under Chiang was there no attempt to give effect to these lofty aims and beliefs? Why was the Communist movement able to prevent the adoption of any of the measures for reform or the re-

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straint of corruption that the Americans and the Chinese intellectuals pressed for? Nothing stood in the way except the reluctance of those around Chiang to give up the opportunity to acquire wealth, along with Chiang's own lack of understanding of the meaning of democracy.

This last is the cardinal point, and therein lies China's tragedy, and the tragedy of Chiang's career. The man is not insincere, and his aspirations have always been high-minded and honorable. He genuinely believes he means what he says.

BUT HE just doesn't understand the meaning of what he says and never has understood. Even now, as he writes these fine phrases, his government in Formosa is one of plain authoritarianism. While it is not true that he dictates everything that is done, it *is* true that nothing of consequence can be done of which he disapproves. He conceives of himself as a latter-day disciple of Confucius practicing a lofty paternalism according to the precepts of the sages. But Chiang is a disciple of Confucianism only in the sense that he is a pre-republican mandarin with a cover of modern phrases—paternalistic but without the inner understanding that would give effect to benevolence.

This, and not Russia, caused his fall, and there is genuine tragedy in his fall. He had accomplished much more than any other Chinese of his time, and he had the opportunity to accomplish more. He will always deserve full credit for holding his country firm and unyielding in the darkest days of the Japanese invasion. Without his resoluteness, the Chinese probably would have compromised with what they took for irresistible fate. And after the war he had a prestige, an authority, a kind of leadership no Chinese had enjoyed for centuries. The difficulties were great, but the destiny of his country was his to make, or at least begin to make. Five years later he was a refugee on a small island off the shore of his country, protected by a foreign navy, while his country lay under an alien despotism. This book does not explain the tragedy, not consciously at any rate. It underlines that tragedy—and deprives it of some of the dignity it might carry.

Concerning Corporate Politics And Bathing in the Nude

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE DURABLE FIRE, by Howard Swiggett. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

In this latest novel in celebration of the free-enterprise system—it is the Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July—the hero has just become a vice-president of a big and expanding corporation after many years of meritorious service in the overseas operations of the government. He is a man of rare though slightly ostentatious culture, and he has an Estonian wife whom he collected in Norway during the war while on a secret mission to the Norwegian Resistance. This background is presumed to enable him to see the American business system with a rather fresher eye than a man who has just been promoted from plant manager at Evansville. Most of the book is about what the hero sees and learns in his first months in office.

THE AUTHOR (who died while the book was still on press) can spin a good yarn. He is never dull and he has a shrewd eye. At the off-the-record dinners at the Council on Foreign Relations—the Council is identified only by location—the hero is much impressed by the "grave, enormously well-informed" men from Washington, the candor with which they tell the all but final secrets of the National Security Council, the conviction of everyone present that the status quo should be maintained, and the fact that no one is uncertain whether the whole hypothesis has been offered or the only possible conclusion reached. There is an admirable account of the business luncheons where the drinks and food and the altogether excessive number of executives get scrambled together under the tissue copies of the proposition that are being passed around the table for all to read.

The author also makes a big success of the Estonian wife. The children, like all children who are made to say cute things whether by a novelist or a television announcer, are repugnant little twerps, but their mother is personable and attractively uninhibited. The Estonian's effect on the other vice-presidents is electric and her contrast with their troubled and cluttered wives is brilliant.

A Very Dark Night

So much and more is good. The trouble is that the novel is supposed to be about business; and about business operations as they actually are, the author has a very unsure touch. During the weeks immediately following the hero's arrival at Continental Industries Corporation, more things happen than in any big concern since the unmasking of Donald Coster at McKesson & Robbins. A top vice-president turns out to be an embezzler. The chairman and active head feels ultimately at fault and decides to retire. The president suffers a heart attack. A newcomer of determined incompetence is promoted.

The wife of another vice-president inherits a vast fortune and her husband plans to seize control of the company. (Instead she moves in with the embezzler.) For no reason, an enormous sales boom hits the industry and lasts only a couple of weeks. (It is never too clear what the industry is.) A disastrous mistake is made in figuring on a contract. The hero and his wife and a couple of other people get caught while on a nude bathing party on Long Island, innocent Continental types that they are. Although it was a very dark night, the new president is disgusted. There is much more.

PART OF A novelist's business is to invent occurrences but he must invent from knowledge of what could happen. The bathing party and quite a few of the other things the

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author tells about could have happened; some of the rest is inconsistent either with the setting or the author's purpose. In particular, life in a large corporation is not a long succession of surprises, mainly because it is one of the functions of the corporation to organize itself against the unexpected. The unexpected may still occur, but there won't be bedlam.

Or, again, the chances of a militantly unfit man becoming president in the normal course of selection (and with no lift either from stock-ownership, influence, or nepotism) are not very great. When the wrong man does appear, the organization, if it is any good at all, tends to fence him in. That is why poor appointments are rarely fatal. At a minimum, the author needed to tell why this case was the exception. He implies that it could happen anywhere.

In short, Mr. Swiggett's novel never comes to grips with the corporate personality. It is about five or six men who have adjacent offices in Rockefeller Center and who wield power quite independently of the organization of which, presumably, they are a part. The corporation, of which in reality they would be largely the servants, never appears in Mr. Swiggett's novel. This, obviously, is a considerable defect in a novel about life in a corporation.

The Lesser Fault

There are a number of people who write about business, of whom Cameron Hawley of *Executive Suite* and *Cash McCall* is perhaps the best example, who know their way about in business and yet succeed only in making their women, even when they are supposed to be quite toothsome, seem like middle-aged secretaries. Mr. Swiggett's failure is just the opposite. This may well be the lesser fault but it makes the effort to act as the conscience of the business novel a rather trying task. One must contend not only with those who write bad novels and are unwilling in these soft days to be so told, but with a more subtle problem. The successful writer in this field must know about love and he must understand the even more involuted ways of corporate politics. The breadth of experience required may be just too great to span.

Mr. Berle's Primer Of Foreign Relations

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

TIDES OF CRISIS: A PRIMER OF FOREIGN RELATIONS, by Adolf A. Berle, Jr. *Reynal. $4.*

The key to this book lies in half a sentence torn from context: ". . . it will, surprisingly, be found that realism and idealism are not always as far apart as is sometimes asserted." This quietly understated truth, which marks the originality of Mr. Berle's analysis of our country's foreign relations and informs his proposals as to the direction our foreign policy should take, may well shock both the professional realist and the twenty-four-hour-a-day idealist. It would be a happy thing if it established some communication between the two—if based on nothing better than acceptance of mutual coexistence. But it could not possibly surprise Mr. Berle, this theorist of the nature of American corporations whose career shows that he has also known and handled facts—the facts of city government in New York and the difficult facts of diplomacy as Assistant Secretary of State and ambassador to Brazil. He has never slighted, or put aside, or compromised for expediency his belief in values and ideals. It is not at all that he has simply been faithful to idealism while, through a special dispensation of Providence, he has been endowed with a knack for doing things. There are not two sides to him, no pendulum motion. His values are embodied in action.

"The greatest problems are spiritual, philosophical and cultural. The essential struggle is for values." That sounds like extreme idealism, the kind that can lead you straight out on a Utopian limb. Actually, however, it is buttressed by solid, recorded history: The great regional systems that have endured the longest are those based on ideals. "The Holy Roman Empire lasted for more than eight centuries; it was only demolished in 1806 by Napoleon. This empire was strictly supranational . . . no solid combination of nations has ever existed except on the basis of a core of ideas which over-passed geographical frontiers . . ." And now, once again, "the world will divide, if divide it must, along the line of value systems."

The United States, Mr. Berle is sure, has a values system that could be very simply expressed, although we are not successful in doing so. Our values are not concerned with the "mechanics of operation," or with defending capitalism against socialism. It is simply that they stand on one side of the "limitless gulf" between totalitarianism and belief that "the mind, the heart . . . and the soul of each individual is important for itself." What may sound like pious rhetoric is, in Mr. Berle's view, the only practical way by which our nation can find the fellowship and the "geography" that will ensure our national defense. But these values must be implemented, not jabbered about.

The Role of Colonialism

It is not possible to summarize his taut chapters on the crises that plague mid-century Europe, Asia,

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and the Middle East, all of which directly concern our own nation. No one, least of all our military experts, can any longer imagine our going it alone.

But a word can be said here about Mr. Berle's treatment of South America and of colonialism. In general it may be said that Americans have thought of South America, as of Asia, as a "vast, unorganized and uninteresting wilderness. . . . Unhappily (and wrongly), neither American politics nor American diplomacy has given adequate attention to the fact that the inter-American group is really basic to any American policy." If it were not for our southern neighbors' consent to interdependence, no radar screens, no NATO, no alliances anywhere in the world would save us. So there must be some unity of action between them and us. But this unity can be based only on the faith that inspired Bolívar's dream of an American continent united in the pursuit of freedom.

The trouble is that we do not further that dream by supporting South American dictators. These nations to the south are destined surely to be immensely populous, productive, and powerful. In all of them there are men and political parties believing in our own values. That belief is weakened every time we betray them for some immediate gain of South American support. If those men and parties lose hope and are defeated, even though the fault may be only partly ours, South America will become utterly antagonistic to us. There is enough antagonism already.

With the end of the imperial colonial systems, newly freed peoples are emerging into the stormy seas of nationalism. Like the great majority of Americans, Mr. Berle has always been an anti-colonialist. This nation has never had a taste for imperialism, evidence being, of course, the fact that we did not stay in Cuba and the Philippines. The United States has a generous tendency to wish freedom for all who seek it. Precisely because Mr. Berle has grown up in this tradition, his remarks on the perils of newly acquired freedom show restraint and wisdom.

It is senseless, he says, to deny the very great role performed by colonialism in giving shape—the shape of future nationalisms, future regionalisms—to divided and chaotic social structures. There was no India in the sense of a nation, no Indonesia, before the coming of the British and the Dutch. The white man's burden has not always, or even generally, been a joke. Nor, even now, in many emergent regions has that burden been removed. It consists in a duty to prepare and hasten the moment when freedom from foreign domination will no longer mean a return to the *status quo ante* of hopeless misery.

This same wisdom, this same stern insistence on principle and on fact, dominates the author's conclusions. "One World" is far beyond our reach. What we will have to work with for a long time is commonwealths that interlock in economics and defense and, of course, depend on a shared faith for their solidarity. Mr. Berle has a way of saying things tersely: "No one comes into a military international complex merely to defend someone else's country. Without an underlying foundation, military arrangements could vanish over night, as Napoleon's system crashed in 1813." That underlying foundation can be America's policy, unrhetorically stated and evidenced in unequivocal action.

Some Old Snapshots Of the Master Race

SANDER VANOCUR

THE LABYRINTH: MEMOIRS OF WALTER SCHELLENBERG, translated by Louis Hagen, and with an introduction by Alan Bullock. *Harper*. $4.95.

Walter Schellenberg was one of the young men in Germany who joined the Nazi Party after it had come to power and used it as an instrument for personal advancement. The party, of course, used them too, although there was a notable lack of fervor in many of these young men who eventually filled leading but not top positions in the Third Reich.

In Schellenberg's case the start was quite simple. After finishing his legal training at the University of Bonn in 1933, he applied for a state grant to enable him to serve for a time as a legal apprentice. He was told that his chances of receiving the grant would be enhanced if he were to become a member of the Nazi Party and of one of its formations, either the SA or the SS. Schellenberg chose the SS and quickly became a member of its security and information service. By the end of the summer of 1944, Schellenberg was the head of Nazi Germany's first unified foreign-intelligence service. He was thirty-four.

After appearing as a witness in the trials of such major war criminals as Göring and Ribbentrop, Schellenberg went on trial with twenty others at Nuremberg in January, 1948. Because toward the end of the war he had helped some concentration-camp prisoners, Schellenberg got a light sentence: six years' imprisonment figured from June, 1945.

Released for reasons of ill health in June, 1951, Schellenberg went to

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live in Switzerland. There he began to write his memoirs. When the Swiss police asked him to leave the country he continued his memoirs in Italy, with the aid of a young German journalist. They were unfinished in 1952, when he died from a liver ailment at forty-two.

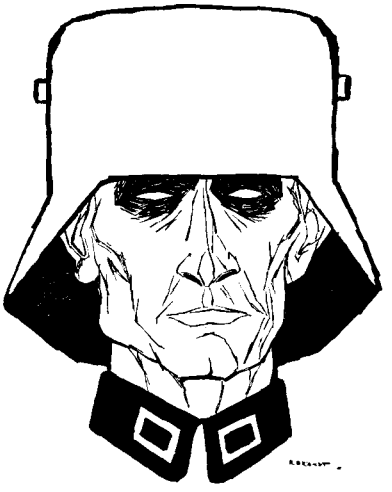
By a complicated set of circumstances, the manuscript of his memoirs, in complete disorder, came into the hands of a British publisher who had it translated and published. Mr. Bullock, a renowned authority on the history of Nazi Germany, states in his introduction that the memoirs are an authentic abridgment of the original manuscript that Schellenberg left with his widow.

Tales of Dead Men

The memoirs are free from that urge for self-justification which has been the feature of so many German memoirs published since the end of the war. Schellenberg tells, in a matter-of-fact if slightly pompous way, what it was like to have been one of the most powerful figures in the Third Reich. The memoirs are filled with fascinating accounts of cloak-and-dagger intelligence work, but what gives the book its special importance are Schellenberg's descriptions of the Nazi leaders.

The most sinister of those he describes is Reinhard Heydrich, head of the main security office of the SS and later "protector" of Bohemia and Moravia. If he had not been assassinated in May, 1942, Schellenberg thinks, Heydrich might one day have become the most powerful man in Germany.

Himmler doesn't quite seem to measure up to his reputation. To the world he may have seemed a diabolical mastermind who personally supervised the extermination of millions, but from Schellenberg's account he often bordered on medi-



ocrity—an indecisive schemer who was completely dependent on Felix Kersten, a manual therapist who was the only doctor who could relieve his violent intestinal spasms.

Schellenberg's relations with Hitler were much more formal and infrequent than with Himmler and Heydrich. But there are intriguing aspects to the conversations Schellenberg had with Hitler. One is that they show the mixture of admiration and hatred the Führer felt toward Great Britain.

During an after-dinner conversation with Hitler and others just after the war had begun, Schellenberg remarked that his intelligence reports suggested that Britain would carry on the war from Canada if necessary. Schellenberg—this may be somewhat exaggerated on his part—claims that he then asked Hitler why German policy toward Britain had changed after the agreement at Bad Godesberg.

Hitler, at first amazed that a subordinate should ask such a question, examined Schellenberg coldly for a moment and then said: "I hope you realize that it is necessary to see the situation in Germany as a whole. Originally I wanted to work together with Britain. But Britain has rejected me again and again. It is true, there is nothing worse than a family quarrel, and racially the English are in a way our relatives. As far as that goes, you may be right. It's a pity we have to be locked in this death struggle, while our real enemies in the East can sit back and wait until Europe is exhausted. That is why I do not wish to destroy Britain and never shall but they must be made to realize, and even Churchill must be made to realize, that Germany has the right to live too. And I will fight Britain until she has come down off her high horse. The time will come when they will be ready to reach an agreement with us. That is my real aim. . . ."

Schellenberg claims that Hess made his incredible flight to Scotland because he was under Hitler's suggestive influence. Knowing Hitler's ideas about Britain, Hess "considered it his Messianic task to reconcile the two peoples." Hess, he claims, had often told an intimate circle of friends that the British were a brother people and the bonds of race made it obligatory to preserve them.

Strength Through Joy

The Schellenberg memoirs provide at least one rather salacious footnote to German history. Before the war, Heydrich ordered an establishment built in Berlin where foreign dignitaries could be entertained in an atmosphere conducive to loose talk. It was called Salon Kitty, and had double walls between which microphones were placed. They were connected to tape machines that recorded every word spoken in the house. Much valuable information was collected in this manner, not the least valuable from Count Ciano, Italy's foreign minister, who often dropped in with other diplomats.

Salon Kitty is still in operation today on a quiet residential street just off the Kurfürstendamm in west Berlin, though no one seems to know for sure if the microphones have been removed. It can be reported on reliable authority that business there is still flourishing. This is only fitting and proper. The New Order that was to have lasted a thousand years is survived by only one institution of its creation—a house of ill fame.

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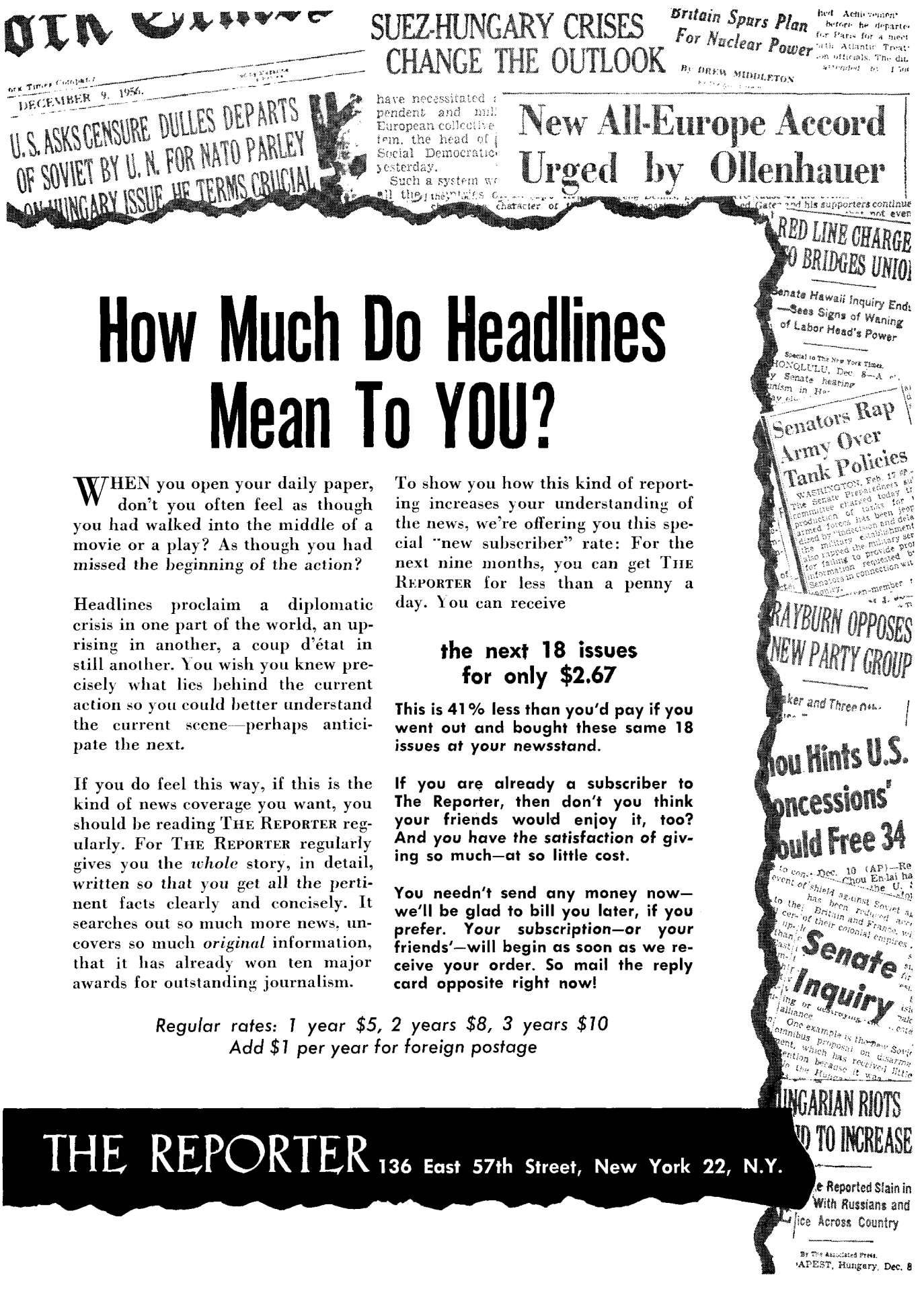

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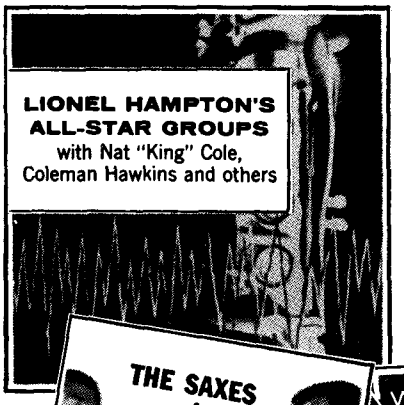

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